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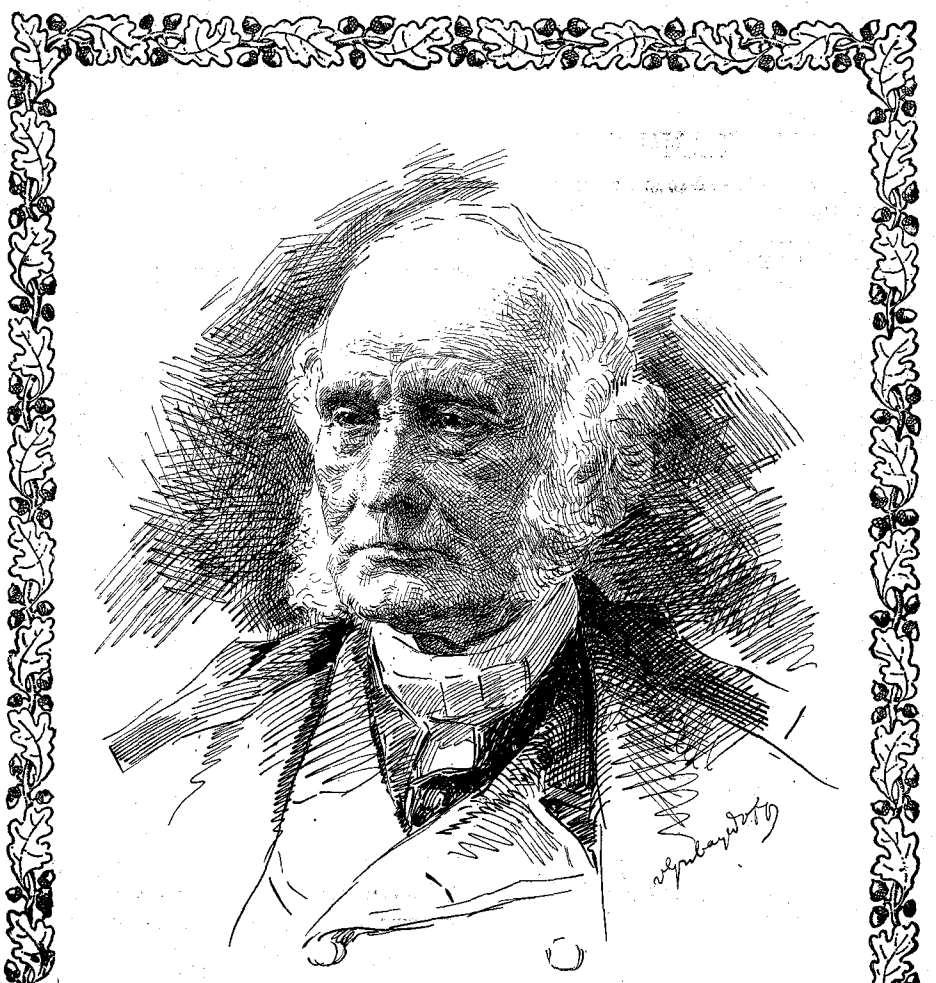

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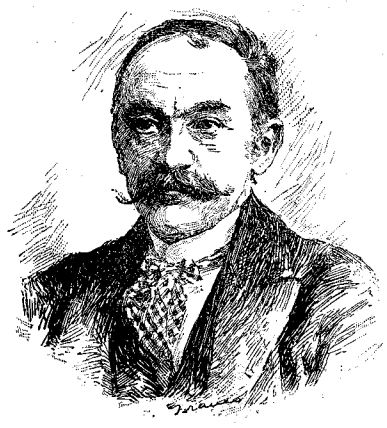

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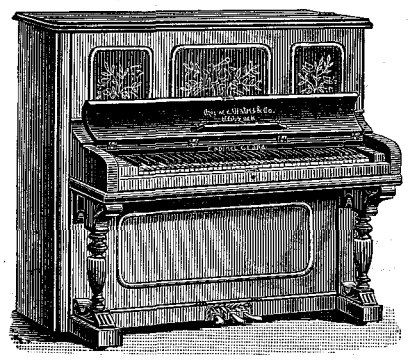

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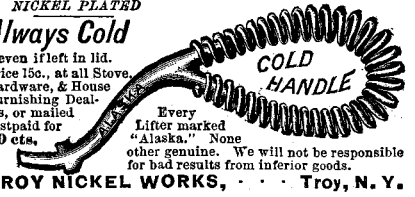

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 24 November, 1894 Number 21

THE report that the Administration was about to hazard another issue of bonds seemed at first incredible. The general condemnation of the issue last January as unwarranted by the law, its failure to build up the gold reserve, and the absence of any popular demand for another issue, combined to make the public believe that a new loan was out of the question. Even the New York "Post," which justified the earlier issue, declared that there was now no occasion for a second one. The currency in the Treasury exceeded by twenty millions its amount last January, and the gold in the Treasury exceeded by ten millions its amount early in the recent political campaign. Yet President Cleveland, with no support except from among the bankers, has, immediately after the election, added another $50,000,000 to the interest-bearing debt of the country. The bonds must be paid for in gold, and nominally can be bid for only by those who have enough of that metal on hand to advance twenty per cent. of their subscriptions when their bids are accepted. This requirement, however, does not really exclude bids from the holders of other kinds of currency (except bank-notes and silver). These can send their currency to the Treasury and draw out the gold which afterwards they return in payment for the bonds. The bonds run for ten years at five per cent., so that $25,000,000 of interest must be paid on them, less the premium paid by the buyers. On the former issue the Secretary fixed a minimum price of 117¼, in order that the loan might be so carried as not to exceed three per cent. interest. This time no such precaution is taken. The loan will be issued in any event, no matter if the rate shall be double the two per cent. at which Secretary Foster, amid Democratic protests, continued a part of the bonds that fell due during his administration.

❀

The question of interest, however, is unimportant compared with the question as to the disregard of law by those charged with its execution. The act of 1875 under which the Administration finds authority for issuing bonds in 1894 was passed, as every one knows, to provide for the resumption of specie payments in 1879. After directing the Secretary of the Treasury, on and after the first day of that year, to "redeem in coin" on demand any "legal-tender notes then outstanding," the act continues as follows:

> "To enable the Secretary of the Treasury to prepare and provide for the redemption in this act authorized and required, he is authorized to use any surplus revenues . . . and to issue [four or five per cent.] bonds . . . to the extent necessary to carry this act into full effect."

The clause quoted contains all the words of any statute authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds without the consent of Congress. It was on this ground, therefore, that so conservative a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee as Mr. Hoar declared that the bond issue last January was a usurpation of power, and the bonds conveyed "no Constitutional or legal obligation;" while even Senator Sherman, who maintained that it was still legal for the Secretary to issue bonds to increase the gold reserve, admitted that it was illegal to use the proceeds for any other purpose. The question whether the gold paid for the bonds secured will be taken from the Treasury by the presentation of other currency, and the question whether the prospective revenue from the sugar tax and the income tax destroys the plea that more funds are needed, we do not care to discuss. Were the issue of bonds by Congress under consideration, these would be the important questions. But they are unimportant when the bonds are issued by the Administration in disregard of the Constitutional principle that the levying of taxes and the borrowing of money can be authorized only by Congress, and the legal principle that executive officers must not strain the laws they are charged to execute.

❀

The next House of Representatives will apparently be compelled to devote a great deal of attention to contested election cases. In Texas nearly every district is close, and there will be at least four contests in the interest of the Populists. In Louisiana the Republican managers claim to have been defrauded in three districts, and the Populists in one or two. In Alabama there are at least five, and possibly seven, contests ahead, two for the Republicans and the rest for the Populists. In Georgia the Populists carried three districts in the State election last month, and claim that they would have carried four in the Congressional elections this month but for the frauds perpetrated against them. In South Carolina, where the contest was between two Democratic factions, the one with which the Conservatives voted claims that it was grossly defrauded. The Charleston "News and Courier" fairly shrieks with rage against the Tillmanites, not for defrauding voters, but for defrauding "white" voters. In Virginia also, despite the alleged ballot-reform law, which the Populists, the Republicans, and the Prohibitionists denounced as a sham, the charge of extensive fraud has the support of at least one Democratic paper—the Richmond "Times." In most of the districts in which the contests are to take place the Democratic majority is narrow, but in one district, where the majority, as returned, is over seven thousand, there is already at hand conclusive evidence that the Populist candidate was elected.

❀

This was the tenth Georgia district, where ex-Congressman Watson again tried to regain his old seat from Major Black, its present occupant. The following was in part the

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dispatch published in the Atlanta "Constitution" the day following the election:

"Augusta, Ga., November 6.—(Special.) The total vote polled in Richmond County is 15,851! Black has 12,000 majority. . . .

There were several clashes between Democrats and Populists at the polls.

O. P. Doolittle and T. L. Best, both Populists, were badly beaten up.

One man killed, two seriously wounded, and three others shot is the history of a clash at the 1,269th district polling precinct.

John M. Goss was killed.

W. H. Bohler, Jr., was shot through the left lung, and will die.

Marshal George Heckle, of Summerville, was shot in the left side below the heart, and again in the left side of the neck, the ball lodging in the shoulder.

Dr. Carmody was shot in the right hip.

Richard Beale, colored, was shot in the right side near the waist, the ball entering the back and lodging.

Dan Bowles was shot in the forehead."

To the ordinary Northern reader the outrage here described was the bloodshed; to the Georgia reader, however, it was embodied in the first sentence. The vote of 15,800 was polled in a county with a census population of 45,000, of which only 11,000 are males over 21 years of age! One Atlanta Democratic paper, the "Commercial," had the honesty and sense of justice to denounce the election in Richmond County as a "steal for which there was neither justification nor palliation." The Atlanta "Constitution," however, while admitting that the election was a "carousal of corruption," attempts to secure for its party the fruits by claiming that both parties were responsible—"the Democrats not more so than the Populists, unless it be that they were better at counting." The moral spirit of this apology is perhaps its sufficient condemnation, but its falsity as to fact is simply glaring when one turns to another column in the same paper and compares the votes by counties in the tenth district with the census of population. This district consists of Hancock County, containing Augusta, where the Democrats control the election machinery, and ten agricultural counties, where, as a rule, the Populists control it. The contrast between the two sections was as follows:

	Majority.	Votes.	Men Over 21.
Ten Agricultural Counties..	5,000 Peo.	19,000	26,000
Hancock County	12,000 Dem.	16,000	11,000

In other words, the vote in the agricultural counties was no greater than the normal vote in a closely contested election, while the vote in Augusta was five thousand greater than the possible vote had every legal voter, black as well as white, indifferent as well as interested, been brought to the polls. In the hotly contested State election last month, when the registration law was observed, the total vote in Hancock County was but 4,200. The greater bitterness of the Congressional election might have increased the legal vote to five thousand or even six thousand. But even then there were ten thousand fraudulent votes stuffed into the ballot-boxes. Frauds equally criminal have been of frequent occurrence, but frauds so preposterous have never before been brought to the attention of Congress or the country. The opportunity is a rare one for the Republican majority in the next House, having no occasion to strengthen itself, to appoint a judicial and not a partisan committee on contested elections, and to throw out all returns where the election officers have knowingly permitted fraud. There is to-day among the Southern public an unprecedented demand for election reform, and the power of this demand among the politicians will be effectual if Congress shall make the corruption unprofitable. There is, it should be said, a possibility of a voluntary new election in the tenth Georgia district.

President Cleveland, as a result of recent conferences with the members of the Civil Service Commission, has by executive orders considerably extended the number of offices brought under the civil service rules. The effect of these orders will be to include under those rules all employees in the customs service except workmen or laborers, and to include in the classified service of the Post-Office Department the clerks employed in the offices of the post-office inspectors and a large number of others heretofore excepted from the civil service rules. With these amendments are one or two making those rules more flexible, especially allowing the appointment of graduates of normal Indian schools as assistant teachers upon their certificates of graduation, and allowing the temporary appointment of clerks in Washington for a period not exceeding thirty days in cases of special exigency. The "Evening Post," apropos of this enlargement of the application of civil service rules, calls attention editorially to the steady progress which has been made in this important reform. Civil Service Reform was attempted under General Grant, but in 1875 Congress refused appropriations necessary for the work, and the plan, therefore, of competitive examinations was abandoned. It was revived again in 1883, when about fourteen thousand people out of a total civil service of one hundred and ten thousand were brought under its rules. Subsequent additions have brought over three times that number under these rules, and this last change will still further increase the number. There is plenty for Civil Service Reformers to do, but enough has been done to inspire them with hopeful courage.

❀

The Commission appointed by President Cleveland to investigate the strike at Chicago last summer has made a report surprisingly favorable to the American Railway Union. The substance of the report has been reprinted at much length in most of the Western papers—whose readers had already heard the side of the strikers—but has been only dimly outlined in most of the Eastern papers, whose readers had not heard that side. The most significant passages are perhaps the following:

"If we regard its practical workings rather than its professions as expressed in its Constitution, the General Managers' Association has no more standing in law than the old trunk-line pool. The Association is an illustration of the persistent and shrewdly devised plans of corporations to overreach their limitations and to usurp indirectly powers and rights not contemplated in their charters and not obtainable from the people or their legislators. It should be noted that until the railroads set the example, a general union of railroad employees was never attempted. For the year ending July 1, 1893, the dividends [of the Pullman Company] were $2,520,000 and the wages $7,223,719.51. For the year ending July 1, 1894, the dividends were $2,880,000 and the wages $4,471,701.89. The conditions created at Pullman enable the management at all times to assert with great vigor its assumed right to fix wages and rents absolutely. During all of this reduction and its attendant suffering none of the salaries of the officers, managers, or superintendents were reduced. If we exclude the æsthetic and sanitary features at Pullman, the rents there are from twenty to twenty-five per cent. higher than rents in Chicago or surrounding towns for similar accommodations. The Company claims that it is simply legitimate business to use its position and resources to hire in the labor market as cheaply as possible and at the same time to keep rents up regardless of what wages are paid to its tenants or what similar tenements rent for elsewhere. There is no evidence before the Commission that the officers of the American Railway Union at any time participated in or advised intimidation, violence, or destruction of property. They knew and fully appreciated that, as soon as mobs ruled, the organized forces of society would crush the mobs and all responsible for them in the remotest degree, and that this meant defeat. Few strikers were recognized or arrested in these mobs, which were without leadership, and seemed simply bent upon plunder and destruction."

So much for the facts in the case. Regarding the measures

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necessary to prevent the repetition of such a disastrous struggle as that of last summer the Commission makes a variety of recommendations. It would have a permanent strike commission appointed, which should have full powers of investigation and might act as a permanent board of conciliation. It would authorize the courts to compel the railroads to obey the recommendations of this commission without any delay pending appeals. On the side of the workmen it would secure obedience to its decisions by making it unlawful for the men to quit employment at such times without giving thirty days' notice. This requirement, the Commission urges, would amply enable the railroads to secure new men and prevent any injury to their service. The proposition that the higher grades of the railway service should be licensed the Commission recommends to the consideration of the public, without distinct indorsement. The Commission believes that Government ownership may be inevitable, but rejects it as a present remedy for strikes, urging, most sensibly, that we must advance a step at a time, and that the line of development is to protect the rights of employees by methods similar to those already employed to protect the rights of shippers.

❀

"Under our laws an American can buy and obtain absolute ownership of anything made in any country on the face of the earth, except counterfeit money, indecent goods, and a ship"—such is the terse statement of the Philadelphia "Ledger." In 1861 our foreign trade was valued at $585,000,000, and for the carrying trade we had a marine of nearly 2,500,000 tons. By 1890 our foreign trade had increased to $1,733,000,000, while our shipping had declined to 982,000 tons. As is well known, two views are taken of the situation; one being that this country has not been able to withstand the subsidy which Great Britain in certain cases pays to ship companies. A bill for bounties to American vessels which would be available as auxiliaries to our navy in case of war was presented not long since, but defeated. Following the Ocean Mail Bill, the admittance of the Paris and of the New York to American registry by a special act of Congress is fresh in the minds of all. This transfer involved an obligation on the part of the Inman Line (now the American Line) to construct ships of equal or greater tonnage in our own yards, an obligation now being fulfilled in the building of the St. Louis and her sister ship the St. Paul. This is the net result of the first policy.

❀

As to the other view, it is well stated in the President's courageous speech at the launch of the St. Louis, which has pleased not only free-traders but some protectionists as well, even the Philadelphia "Ledger" remarking:

> "His contention was, pure and simple, for free ships, for the unquestionable right of the American citizen to buy his ships in that market in which he can buy them most cheaply, to the end that he may thereby compete successfully, under his country's flag, with his foreign rivals. His assault was upon the navigation laws of the United States, which deny the citizens of this country the privilege of buying a foreign-built ship at any price, and receive an American registry for her, or the right to fly his country's flag at her peak, or of claiming, even in our own ports, the protection of his Government for her."

The right to buy in the best market is indeed unquestionable, and certainly our mercantile marine, wherever bought, should be defended by our own navy. Many protectionists admit that it is a poor policy which has shielded our ship-builders but has ruined our ocean commerce. Instead of doing our over-sea carrying trade for ourselves, foreigners have it in their hands, and it costs us every year over a hundred million dollars. It is no wonder, therefore, that the President says:

> "I am not able to see why Americans owning ships, navigated by Americans and carrying American cargoes, should in any case be driven to the protection of a foreign flag, and it seems to me that the stars and stripes entering a port of the United States and spread over Americans and American property should never be frowned upon and repelled by American officials acting under the mandate of our navigation laws. In the interest of a revival of American commerce, so much needed, and for the honor of our flag, so dear to us all, I am willing that the defense of our Government and flag shall be accorded to all ships of American ownership, wherever built. Make our flag a more familiar sight in the ocean carrying trade, and thus remind our citizens that a large share of the carrying trade of the world is due them, and we need have no fear that our ship-builders, under laws giving them a fair chance, will suffer from foreign competition."

❀

The Outlook has made a careful investigation of the Richard Borden Mill tenements in Fall River, the account of which by the Rev. William Bayard Hale in the current "Forum" has stirred up so much controversy. A special correspondent of The Outlook has made a visit to the tenements, and his report leads us to believe that Mr. Hale's description of the tenement courtyard, quoted in The Outlook two weeks ago, is a truthful one, although it is somewhat impulsive, and in minor details may create a false impression. Certainly the photograph of the courtyard which we have caused to be taken for our information, and which lies before the writer of this paragraph, presents a scene no worse than a hundred similar ones in this city—more's the pity. But although local pride and other considerations are bringing out some wholesale denials, The Outlook's correspondent found a general sentiment, among the more unbiased citizens familiar with the place, that Mr. Hale's description was a just one. In fairness to the city (our correspondent adds) it should be said that Mr. Hale, in describing these tenements "entirely without selection," stumbled upon the worst place of the kind in the city, though there are others only a degree better. The manager of the Richard Borden Company, in answering Mr. Hale's assertions, says that all of the tenements are supplied with city water, that many of them are connected with the sewer (those on one side of the court are), that most of the passageways have been freshly painted within a year, that there is no street in the factory grounds that is not fifty feet wide and graded, that the pump mentioned by Mr. Hale is no longer in use, though the water had been pronounced pure by the Board of Health, that the yard is thoroughly cleaned once a fortnight, and that, while the tenants differ in their habits, there is nothing in the surroundings to make it impossible to substitute clean floors and furniture for dirt. Against this, though in no way discrediting the intention of the corporation managers, must be placed the statements of some of the tenants (nearly all are French-Canadians), who told The Outlook correspondent that the yard was sometimes cleaned every week or so, and sometimes five or six times a year. The fresh paint is nowhere visible from the outside, but everything in the way of refuse, kitchen-emptyings, and the like, described by Mr. Hale, is there in abundance, though it is probably putting it too strongly to say, as Mr. Hale does, that it is the universal rule to pour the kitchen-emptyings out of the window. The worst features of these tenements are that they are built upon a swamp, making it necessary to take a long roundabout to enter the yard, or to wade over the ankles deep in water, and that the stench, even in these cool days, is sickening. It appears to us that in such a case as this it is not enough for the landlord to make cleanliness possible or even convenient. He ought to make it compulsory. It ought not to be possible for

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one or two tenants to demoralize and discommode all the rest of the tenants by their own disregard of the laws of decency. Rather singularly, the sickness and death-rate are reported to be below the average. It is doubtless true that the blame for the condition of things often rests as much upon individual families as upon the corporations, and not least upon the city's health officials, but this does not weaken Mr. Hale's main point as to the responsibility of the churches. It simply broadens the scope of the work that is needed. The Fall River ministers have been looking into the matter since Mr. Hale's article appeared, and it is understood that a rejoinder is to be published by one of their number. We print on another page a defense of the condition of the mill tenements from a citizen of Fall River.

❀

The Tenement-House Committee, of which Mr. Gilder, of the "Century," is Chairman, held an interesting session on Friday of last week respecting tenement-house fires. A map had been prepared showing the location of all the fires in this city during the year ending in June. In the well-to-do and middle-class districts the dots marking fires were singularly few; but in the most crowded tenement-house district—the Russian Jewish district—the map was fairly black with them. The witnesses examined agreed that the chief causes of these fires, and especially of the deaths resulting from them—which average one every two or three weeks—were defective flues, direct connection between the main hallways and the cellars (where so many fires originate), transoms between rooms and hallways (so that those escaping are suffocated by the smoke), the ignorance of the tenants regarding fire-alarms, and, finally, the reckless use of kerosene. For the prevention of defective flues a better and a larger force of building inspectors was demanded—a force also which could not be suspected of bribery to waive necessary requirements. To secure a safer construction of cellarways and partitions a modification of the law was urged. To lessen the ignorance of the tenants regarding the sounding of the alarm no suggestion was made, though the Chief of the Fire Department testified that for the most part the alarms are not given until the flames attract the attention of policemen or other passers-by. General ignorance is not to be got rid of at a blow by any amount of law or any number of fire-alarm boxes. A teaching force in the schools wide awake to the practical needs of the scholars, and perhaps the increased responsibility of landlords' agents to explain such matters to all their tenants, seem to furnish the only means of curing this evil. As to the fires which come from the use of kerosene—more than five hundred a year out of twenty-five hundred—one witness testified to the general conviction of insurance men that these fires are in large measure incendiary, and urged that the law make it a misdemeanor for any tenant to leave a kerosene stove or lamp burning in his apartment when he takes his entire family away. At first blush the recommendation seems drastic, but those familiar with tenement life are convinced that, if something cannot be done to prevent the over-insurance of household goods, some drastic measure must be adopted to prevent the astonishing repetition of kerosene fires in apartments from which the occupants (and the more valuable goods) are temporarily absent. Whatever comes of the investigations of the Committee, its formation is indicative of the new spirit of concern for the safety of the poor.

❀

This year's National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—of the religious aspects of which we give some account on another page—brings out even more prominently than heretofore the disposition of the aggressive temperance organizations to make their reform a part of the movement felt throughout Christendom to better the condition of the working classes. For some time past the speeches of Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset have been as saturated with Christian Socialism as the platforms of Western Prohibitionists have been with a temperate form of Populism. Miss Willard, in her annual address at Cleveland last week, stated her attitude toward temperance and labor reform in these explicit terms:

> "The principle of the living wage has been established, a living wage being the sum necessary to maintain an average man with an average family in an average state of civilized comfort, and should be the basis of that 'cost of production' beyond which lies the 'margin' on which capital depends. . . . Protestantism has forged forward toward prohibition. The Pope's representative in this country has indorsed the right of any Bishop to exclude from the sacraments those who belong to the liquor-dealers' camp. Prohibition by law, by politics, by woman's ballot, is the watchword of the temperance army in all nations. I have not turned Populist, though I hope that Populists and Prohibitionists may be agreed and walk together before long."

For the organizing of the working classes to better the condition of the rank and file of the people Miss Willard expressed the fullest sympathy, and declared her belief that the labor organizations could be relied upon to secure their ends by the peaceful methods of arbitration and the ballot. In some directions—other than temperance and social purity—Miss Willard went even further in her recommendations than the Populists or the trades-unionists. Particularly severe was she in condemning the great newspapers for publishing only such things as the corporations and their stockholders desired to have published. If this labor-reform spirit in the head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union extends among its membership in the same way that her zeal for woman's suffrage and prohibition have extended, a labor and temperance reform alliance is next to inevitable.

❀

The "maximum rate" law of Nebraska, which is substantially the act passed by the Legislature of that State four years ago and vetoed by the Democratic Governor, and then in its present form passed by the Legislature two years ago and signed by the Republican Governor, has now been overthrown by a decision of Judge Brewer, who holds that the rates proposed were not reasonable. The principle upon which Judge Brewer nullifies the act of the Legislature is substantially contained in the following paragraph, quoted from the Omaha "World-Herald's" condensation of his decision:

> "The whole trend of government legislation has been to promote and not to discourage investments in railway transportation lines, until now $10,000,000,000 are invested in them. That may be too much money, but that is not now before the Court. Whether the public prefers, instead of buying these roads, to regulate their rates, is another question. The Legislature cannot take away the value of a road without paying for it. While the Union Pacific was given $16,000 a mile subsidy, and can be replaced for $20,000 a mile, it is bonded for $70,000 a mile. It would not be just to make rates on a basis of $20,000 a mile and deprive the lien holders of their interests."

The reasoning is the same as that upon which Judge Brewer rendered his well-known decision against the Iowa freight law. No matter, he held, what the natural value of railroad property may be (as measured by original cost or cost of replacement) the Legislature cannot regulate rates so as to prevent the payment of interest on the bonds, though it may reduce at its discretion the dividends on the stock.

❀

Fortunately, no writer on railroads has followed Judge Brewer's reasoning. If a road costs $10,000,000, and is

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bonded for $5,000,000 and stocked for $5,000,000, no Legislature (it is generally agreed) has a right to reduce rates so as to prevent a fair rate of interest on the money the stockholders invested. If, however, as is so common outside of New England, a road costs $10,000,000 and is bonded for $20,000,000, the bondholders have no right to interest on the $10,000,000 not invested. The public ought to pay interest only on the actual value of the property, and ought to treat with greater consideration rather than less those roads which are capitalized at their cost than those which have issued watered securities. It is, moreover, worth noticing that Judge Brewer is in error in his statement of facts. His capitalization of the railroads of the country at ten billions includes all the stocks and bonds issued by one road and held by another. The total amount issued to investors is but seven and a half billions, and the market price of these securities (to say nothing of the amount originally invested in them) hardly exceeds five billions. This, however, is a minor matter. The important question is, Will the Supreme Court uphold Judge Brewer's reasoning in behalf of vested interests, or will it again repudiate it as squarely as it did in the famous case in which he decided that distillers must be compensated whenever the Legislature prohibits their traffic as a public injury? We sincerely hope that the appeal to the Supreme Court will be speedily taken.

❀

The French campaign in Madagascar has entered upon its second stage. Diplomatic efforts to secure a concession of the French demands have failed, and the employment of force is the inevitable next step. Five men-of-war left France at the end of last month bound for Madagascar with the special function of protecting the landing of the expeditionary force when it arrives; but before the expeditionary force can be sent out, the French Chambers must put a financial foundation under the enterprise, and the Government has asked the Chambers for a credit of 65,000,000 francs for the purpose of prosecuting the campaign in Madagascar, and, if the credit is granted, 15,000 troops will be sent at once to the island. There are, however, several possibilities of delay. The French Chambers are more critical of credits for expeditions of this kind than they were before France had suffered so severely in her various efforts to sustain a vigorous foreign policy. Moreover, the sickly season has begun, and will not end until March. It will take about three weeks to make the voyage from the French ports to the island, and it is not probable that any expeditionary force will be sent out before the end of January. There is a great difference of opinion as to the military strength of the Malagasy Government. The army has been reported as numbering 70,000 well-drilled and well-armed men; it has also been reported as containing less than 25,000; and some well-informed travelers declare that it practically does not exist. But whatever may be the actual strength of the army in Madagascar, there is no doubt about the sagacity and resources of the people of the island, nor about the obstacles which will be thrown in the path of the French invaders when they finally arrive.

❀

Battle has been fairly joined in England between the two parties over the question of a revision of the authority and organization of the House of Lords by the speeches of the Prime Minister and Lord Salisbury. Lord Rosebery had declared that the veto power must be taken from the House of Lords. This is the question, he said, on which the next election will be fought, and this is the question also which the Ministry will raise in the House of Commons at the forthcoming session, in the most direct fashion. Lord Salisbury, in the speech at Edinburgh which was accepted as the counter-statement of the Conservatives, goes a long way toward conceding the justice of the reform which Lord Rosebery announces as henceforth not only a definite, but the foremost, article in the Liberal programme. Readers of The Outlook who have read Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" have not forgotten the striking manner in which he brings out the fact that a privileged class often finds its position crumbling under its feet simply by the expansive power of political and moral growth. Lord Salisbury's speech shows that the old Tory position with regard to the House of Lords is already untenable. He does not attempt to defend the House as at present organized. "I do not mean for a moment to say," he declares, "that the Constitution could last if a considerable majority of the people were distinctly and steadily against it." In other words, Lord Salisbury concedes that if a majority of the nation demand the passage of a measure, the House of Lords cannot veto it. Such a veto would be, by the admission of the leader of the Conservatives, a violation of the spirit of the English Constitution. The sole ground on which he appears to have planted himself is the already familiar defense of the veto of the Home Rule Bill, that a majority for the bill was secured by the Irish vote, and that it commands only a minority of the English vote. Of the theory underlying this discrimination the London "Speaker" says that it is the old Hottentot theory. It is certainly a very unstable position for the defense of the House of Lords as now constituted. It seems to have escaped Lord Salisbury's attention that there were other bills passed by an English majority in the House of Commons which were vetoed by the House of Lords. It is clear that the Upper House is fast coming to the day of reckoning which awaits all institutions organized on the hereditary principle. Criticism of the Upper House has long been heard from politicians out of office, but it is quite another thing when the Prime Minister definitely and emphatically declares that the day for action has arrived.

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General News.—A correspondent of the London "Standard" sends that paper a most horribly circumstantial account of recent massacres of Armenians by the Turks as a result of a refusal to pay taxes on the ground that the Kurdish raids had reduced the Armenians to absolute poverty; it is alleged that over 6,000 men, women, and children were killed; the story is almost too atrocious in some of its details to seem possible, though there is little doubt that it has some ground; we shall recur to the subject when the actual facts are certainly known.——Southern Italy has suffered greatly from earthquakes the past week; several towns have had many buildings destroyed, and there has been considerable loss of life.——Cable dispatches say that the steamer Stjernen, with Captain Wiggins, the Arctic navigator, and his party on board, has been wrecked on the south end of Nova Zembla, but without loss of life.——A statue of Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, was unveiled in this city last Sunday.——The next annual meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in Detroit, Mich., October 22–24, 1895.——The "Cook gang" of marauders in the Indian Territory is being hunted down; they have terrorized several towns for a long time.——The burial of the late Czar, Alexander III., took place at the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Petersburg, on Monday. It is described as the most magnificent funeral ceremony of modern times. The marriage of the new Czar, Nicholas II., to the Princess Alix will take place, it is reported, on November 26.

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Dr. Shedd and Dr. McCosh

Dr. W. G. T. Shedd

Two distinguished theologians of America died almost simultaneously last week—Dr. W. G. T. Shedd and Dr. James McCosh. Both were distinguished as teachers of philosophy, both were intellectual leaders in the Presbyterian Church, both were Calvinists by temperament. But here the resemblance ended. One was the ablest and most consistent representative in our day of a school that has passed away; the other was a prophet of the new school that is to dominate the thought of the immediate future.

Dr. Shedd's methods were those of an *a priori* philosophy. He lived in past ages. His intellectual methods antedated those of John Calvin. He quietly ignored human instincts and human sentiments. He dealt with souls as a geometrician deals with lines and points. His logic was as inexorable as that of Euclid, and as devoid of sentiment. He started with the absolute sovereignty of God as an indisputable premise, and accepted without halting or hesitating every conclusion which followed from that premise. He denied the free will of man, or that responsibility depends upon liberty, or that the individual is on trial or can by any effort, however resolute, escape condemnation. The race was in Adam; was lost then and there; is under just condemnation; that it cannot help itself makes no least difference in the justice of that condemnation; and that any one is saved out of the general wreck is purely due to the gratuitous mercy of God, undeserved and uncalled for. He was not a great exegetical scholar. His "Commentary on Romans" is an endeavor not so much to ascertain what Paul taught as to show that Paul taught this Calvinistic faith. His "History of Christian Doctrine" is a monument of learning, a classic in theology, admirable in literary form; but it has been said, with some truth as well as humor, that it is the History of Dr. Shedd's Christian Doctrine. His "Lectures on Dogmatic Theology" view philosophy from the same divine necessarian point of view. Everything is as it must be. God's sovereign will is the ultimate fact in the universe; whatever he decrees is right. And as he has decreed to hold the whole race responsible for Adam's sin, that is right. One might imagine that such a philosophy as this would make a hard, stern, severe nature. It did not. Dr. Shedd was the embodiment of gentleness. He was a singularly pure, true, crystalline, and devout soul. His luminous face, to which the photograph does injustice, might have served a painter as a model for an ideal portrait of St. John. So little relation has a purely intellectual and abstract philosophy with the innermost life of the spirit.

Dr. McCosh, with the same Calvinistic temperament—a temperament in which reverence is the controlling sentiment and to which obedience seems the greatest virtue—approached the investigation of life by an entirely different method. More perhaps than any theologian of his school, he applied the inductive method to theological problems. His question always was, What is? not, What do I think ought to be? His first work, "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral," published while he was still pastor of a church in Scotland and was only about thirty years of age, struck the keynote, not only of all his subsequent philosophical work, but also of the modern method in philosophy. In this work "he endeavors," says an appreciative critic, "to interrogate nature by the inductive method, inquiring what is the method of the divine government primarily in the physical world, and secondarily in providence as related to the character of man and tending to his restoration." In his subsequent writings, notably in "The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural" and "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation," he pursues this same inductive method, with great painstaking and a scientific candor rare in theological writers of any school. He may fairly be characterized as one of the first to apply the Baconian method in mental and moral science—a method which is giving us a new psychology, a new Biblical criticism, a new sociology, and a new theology. It made him an evolutionist at a time when to be one was to challenge suspicion if not opprobrium, and when he still occupied a position which ordinarily makes even strong men cautious, not to say timid. For while to students he will best be known as a leader in a new method of thought, whose far-reaching results the most prophetic is not able to foresee, to his own epoch and community he is best known as President of Princeton College, which, during the twenty years of his administration, grew from a college to a university, nearly tripling the number both of its students and its faculty, and increasing its endowment by several millions of dollars. With an inflexibility of purpose characteristic of his Scotch origin, an impetuosity of temper sometimes breaking out into irascibility of utterance, and a tendency to absent-mindedness natural to the student, he united a warm heart, tender sympathies, and a tactfulness and skill in critical moments which one does not ordinarily associate with either the rugged Scotchman, the stern Calvinist, or the absorbed scholar.

Thoroughly believing in the inductive method, sure that it will be as fruitful in philosophy as it has been in natural science, entirely ready to accept its results whatever they may be, we look upon Dr. Shedd's theology as a splendid monument to past methods, never to return, and upon Dr. McCosh's as an equally splendid prophecy of the methods which the future will employ in reaching results far beyond the horizon which necessarily bounded his vision.

The New Force in Politics

The more closely the returns from the different States of the recent elections are studied, the more significant and hopeful do they appear. The Republicans secured great majorities, and are borne back into power by a tidal wave; but it was not a Republican victory; it was the victory of the independent voter. In 1890, in 1892, and 1894, first in stern rebuke of the Republican, and now in stern rebuke of the Democratic party, the independent voter has proved beyond all question that he holds the balance of power and is the master of the situation. The parties must be his servants, or the parties will meditate on their sins in that cold and penitential region which is called, on the political map, "out of office." After years of partisanship so intense that the managers, so long as they refrained from quarreling among themselves, could do as they chose and count on a blind popular support, the day of awakening has come, and voters are no longer driven like vast herds of sheep into the party pens. In 1890 and 1892 the Republican voters stayed at home and dismissed their own leaders from the management of National affairs; two weeks ago the Democratic voters stayed at home and

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served a similar notice on their leaders. The parties, in the old sense, have gone out; the independent voter has come in. And by the independent voter we mean, not the man who has no party affiliations and is indifferent to party ties, but the man who insists that political principles, pledges, and integrity are of greater moment than political success, and who declines to follow his party when it leads whither he cannot, in honor, honesty, and sound judgment, go.

No one who attaches any weight to his words can declare to-day whether the country is at heart with the Republicans or with the Democrats; there are many things which seem to indicate that it has not finally made up its mind; but it must be clear, even to those short-sighted politicians to whom the word practical is so constantly and so mistakenly applied, that the country cannot be counted on to support either party blindly. Each party has gone through the disciplinary experience of being turned out by its own supporters. Each has solemnly appealed to its great past, has exhibited its varied services, has dwelt upon everything except its actual management of affairs, and each has appealed in vain. The old party cries have somehow lost their magic; there is a spirit of calm, cool inquiry among the voters, which seems to say: "Never mind your past, your convictions and your pledges: show us what you have done this year." To the old-time politician there is something brutal about this determination of the country to insist on full and frequent accountings from the managers of its affairs. Formerly, when he asked to be continued in the management, he alluded to his great services, his eminent character, his unselfish devotion. If he was requested to make a report of his stewardship, he became indignant, declared that his honor was assailed, and crushed his critic with the declaration that no one who loved his country and his party could say such things. But there have been so many defalcations in honor and honesty, so many platform promises have never been heard of after the campaign was over, and rhetoric and declamation have been so often substituted for performance and service, that the country has grown tired and critical. It insists on going over the accounts at frequent intervals; it no longer rests content with the declaration of "previous good character;" it no longer finds anything magical in the words Republican and Democratic.

This is a trying experience for some old-fashioned politicians, but it is the most hopeful thing that has appeared for many a day in the country. It does not mark a temporary reaction; it marks a stage of political development. It means that the country is becoming educated; that it is taking matters into its own hands and means to manage its own affairs. It will judge its agents at frequent intervals, and send them about their private business if they are not prompt, truthful, and competent. Every election will be a day of reckoning, and in every campaign the country must be convinced afresh. In both parties the independent voter is ready to stay at home with unhesitating audacity if he finds that he has been deceived, trifled with, or cheated.

In a Nutshell

The best editorial on the lessons of the recent election in this country is to be found in these words from Professor Bryce:

"It has always seemed to me that the two things most needed in American municipal life are: First, less intrusion of party feeling into the city elections; and, second, a more sustained sense, on the part of the respectable classes, of the truth which every one admits in words, but most people forget in fact, that things do not go right of themselves in politics. . . ."

Suffering Liquor-Dealers

Morris Tekulsky, ex-President of the New York Liquor-Dealers' Association, on whose recent notorious bar-room fight with Police Justice "Paddy" Divver we have previously commented, testified before the Lexow Investigating Committee the other day that the Association had influenced the appointments of grand jurors in order that "by having *unprejudiced men* [the italics are ours] on the grand jury the oppression to which liquor-dealers are subjected might be done away with." Poor suffering mortals! No wonder there are so few liquor-dealers in New York. In some quarters of the city it is scarcely possible to find, even with careful searching, more than one grog-shop on each street-corner, with perhaps a couple more which are oppressed into taking obscure places in the middle of the block. Clearly what these downtrodden promoters of public convenience and comfort need is not grand jurymen, but a Mayor who will make more street-corners!

That it is possible, however, in spite of oppression, for some liquor-dealers, by hard struggle, to obtain a living, we infer from the following advertisement, which we clip from "Harper's Weekly" and reprint here without charge to the firm therein named:

IT'S A PALACE.

PROBABLY the most palatial office building in America is the one recently erected by Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited, at Walkerville, Canada. That the Canadian Club Whiskey is well known in every country in the world has long been an undisputed fact, but that the Walkers, its distillers, had become multi-millionaires through its enormous sales, those who were the fortunate recipients of an invitation to the opening of its new building were quite convinced.

The exterior resembles an Italian palace of the severe Florentine style. Two stories face the river front, and entrance is made by a double stairway of pink stone, curving gracefully about a handsome fountain. The walls are of Potsdam sandstone and Canadian terra-cotta. There is no attempt at elaborate decoration; apart from the carved cornices and bases, the only further ornaments are two cartouches—one bearing the firm monogram, the other reading *Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited.*

The entrance is through a lofty archway, with heavily grated doors of hammered bronze. These ponderous doors admit you to a roomy vestibule, the walls and ceiling of which are of majolica. Up a few steps, a pair of heavy oak doors, studded with bronze rosettes, divide the vestibule from the corridor entrance. A great blue vase on a pedestal stands at the entrance. The floor of the vestibule is a mosaic, after the design of San Miniato, the old church at Florence. Its curious arabesques are illuminated at night by an antique lamp like that of the Borghese palace.

The general offices are on the street level, and their fittings are those of a metropolitan banking-house. All the desks and vaults are in enclosures formed by polished-oak wood-work and great panes of plate-glass, with railings of ornamental brass-work. Every desk and chair exactly matches the wood-work, and conforms to the style of architecture in which the room is finished.

The various Walker Companies occupy the entire building. Each member has a private office, which is in excellent taste, while sumptuous to a degree. In each is some artistic bit reproduced from a famous museum or palace. In one, the elaborate fireplace is a *fac-simile* of the one in the Museum of Orleans, France; in another is a fireplace patterned after one in a chamber of the Doge's palace in Venice; a third fireplace is inspired by the one in the ducal palace at Urbino, Italy. The reception-room is a duplicate of the interior of the Chateau Blois. The furniture in this room was secured from the Italian exhibit at the World's Fair, and was made in Venice. There are richly carved tables and numerous chairs of exquisite design and workmanship. Rich rugs decorate the floor, and several great urns have positions in which they add new suggestion to the elegance of all. A room where many of the guests lingered was the sample-room, where a wrought-iron antler lamp, quaintly carved chairs, and the cases on the walls filled with all sorts of sample-bottles showing the produce of the great Walkerville distilleries, brought to recollection the wine-rooms of Nuremberg.

The Walkers are men of integrity and intelligence, who have displayed a love of art combined with business sagacity. May they all live long and prosper. —[*Adv.*]

It is pleasant to learn from the Messrs. Walker themselves that they are not only multi-millionaires—in these days a sufficiently glorious distinction in itself, we should say—but that they are also men of intelligence and integrity and that they love Art. They do not, we observe, refer to

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their sense of humor; apparently they do not consider it sufficiently developed to make any mention of it worth while—at two dollars a line. Nor do we. Men who pay for the privilege of informing the public that they have decorated the vestibule of their wholesale grog-shop after the design used in a famous old Christian church in one of the most famous of old Christian cities may be fairly suspected of deficient sense of humor. For the vulgar and absurd incongruity of it all is enough to make the stern old portrait of Savonarola smile as it hangs on the somber wall of that memorable cell in San Marco.

We are afraid that the Messrs. Walker's modest advertisement will counteract whatever sympathy Mr. Tekulsky's appeal in behalf of the suffering and oppressed liquor-dealer may have aroused. For ourselves, we have as little sympathy for the one as for the other. We see but little to choose, from the point of view either of artistic intelligence or public welfare, between a Walker whisky-palace and a Tekulsky rum-hole.

Greater New York

A notable event in the history of Greater New York was the formal opening of the new buildings of the Teachers' College in Morningside Park on Thursday afternoon of last week. This institution is the pioneer of the group of colleges and public buildings which will shortly crown the noble heights which overlook the Hudson on the one side, and the city, the East River, and Long Island on the other. The Teachers' College, by the evolution of sound ideas, of intelligent management, and of deep convictions, has become one of the foremost institutions in the country. Its specific aims and its special methods have been described in these columns. It is at last worthily housed, although only a part of its building plan has so far been realized. The position which it has already attained and the influence which it is already exerting are evidenced by the fact that, in taking possession of its new quarters, it was able to call to its aid, as interpreters of the occasion, the Presidents of Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Columbia Universities, all of whom bore testimony to the advance in educational ideas which it represents.

When the Cathedral is completed, the great group of buildings which Columbia University will erect finished, and Barnard College has been removed to a series of structures expressive of beauty and utility, Morningside Park will interpret the idea of a Greater New York in a way which the annexation of Richmond, Kings, and Westchester Counties could not possibly do. This is still largely prophetic, but it is a prophecy certain to be fulfilled. The corner-stone of the Cathedral has already been laid, one wing of the great building of the Teachers' College is completed, Columbia is considering very attractive plans for the first of its buildings, and Barnard, still lacking the money to purchase land on this modern Acropolis, has the faith of a great opportunity and the inspiration of a great necessity to confirm its assurance that in due time the large-hearted and large-minded men and women of New York will see that, in the general provision for a complete system of education on the island, the needs of women will not be forgotten. Money has shown a decided tendency to flow downward, but a higher law than that of gravitation is rapidly coming into play, and The Outlook, which believes not only in God but in man, and in man because it believes in God, believes also that the time will come when the Pactolian stream which has its rise in the lower part of the island will flow upward to enrich the upper part of the island, and when the enormous wealth of New York will discover that it owes a tribute to education which can be best expressed by a noble housing of all these various institutions on Morningside Heights.

Editorial Notes

—Several letters have been received in reply to our recent editorial, "What is Protestantism?" Next week we hope to print some or all of these letters.

—Father Gessner, the priest at St. Patrick's Church, Elizabeth, N. J., is a wise man. A fair had been projected, when the Union County Grand Jury condemned lotteries at church fairs. The pastor, therefore, announced to his flock that he was sorry to give up the expected pleasure, but he preferred to avoid the risk of going to prison.

—Higher education for women, so firmly established in England, as in this country, has given no more noticeable evidence of the disappearance of the old academic prejudices than the chivalrous utterances of the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford on the occasion of the first commemoration of Somerville College for Women, when that distinguished university officer congratulated the women students of Oxford, not only on the example set to their brethren, but on the quality of their work.

—Certain considerations to a thoughtful mind might be suggested by the following advertisement which we clip from the London "Morning Post"—that favorite daily paper of the fashionable set in Thackeray's day (*vide* "The Newcomes") as at the present time: "DOGS.—A Young Lady, takes them out daily walking; meals and toilet attended to; terms from *2s. 6d.* a week, according to time required; reduction for several," etc.

—Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist and composer, died on Tuesday morning of this week near St. Petersburg, aged sixty-four years. He was an illustrious representative of that small circle of eminent artists, painters, and musicians—in which the names of Tschaikowsky, Verestchagin, and Tolstoï come first to the mind—who have done more to make the name of Russia respected throughout the civilized world than the late Czar and all his family.

—Dr. Nordau, a German physician, who is also a journalist and an author, and who has published two striking volumes on degeneration, has been saying some very dreadful things of the Symbolists. He declares that they suffer from a tendency to "sickly talkativeness," and that they lack training, education, and will-power. These are shocking things to say about the Symbolists, and the saddest feature of the whole matter is the suspicion, which forces itself upon the mind, that there are a great many writers other than Symbolists who are suffering from the same disease.

—Another illustration of the Spaniard's eternal rejoinder to everything, "Mañana" (to-morrow), and its consequent penalty, is found in the plaint of the "Revista Minera." Speaking regretfully of the fact that Spanish capital is not to control the best of the new gold-mining enterprises in the Philippines (whose masters have long been aware of such hidden wealth), the paper says: "As was to be expected, a group of the most promising claims, situated near the coast and in a locality the most convenient of any for working, has been secured by an English syndicate." After all, this is not so wonderful, since for many years the clever Britons have been working the Rio Tinto Mine right in Spain itself.

—In the death of Francis Magnard not only does Paris mourn her most brilliant journalist but France has lost a really remarkable man. For years his influence has strengthened the hands of the moderate elements of the Republic in the struggle with extreme factions. Conservative as he was, Magnard was the first of his party to recognize that the Comte de Paris led a lost cause, and that France had become genuinely republican. His, too, was the first hand to prick the Boulangist bubble. Aside from his daily and prized "La Politique," whose diagnoses were rarely wrong, his special work was in securing for his paper the favor of artists and authors everywhere, by means of criticisms so superlative in excellence as to be practically final.

—The settlement of the woolen-weavers' strike at the Lorraine Mills, Pawtucket, L. I., one of the largest dress-goods mills in the country, is another triumph for individual conciliation. The strike had been on six weeks, bitterness had steadily increased, the owners had begun suits for eviction of the strikers from the company tenements, the cotton-weavers were threatening to join the strikers and close the entire plant, and tradesmen as well as the operatives were beginning to suffer, when the Mayor of the city, Henry T. Tiepke, stepped into the breach, succeeded in getting the company to make some concessions and stop the eviction suits, and induced the operatives to return to work under a reduction of wages. Conciliation of this sort is often possible when arbitration is impossible, and is even better than arbitration in that it generally leaves on both sides a larger measure of contentment.

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The Bible as Literature

IV.—The Book of Jonah

By the Rev. J. M. Whiton, Ph.D.

If a precious stone were to be estimated, not for its color or brilliancy, but on the results of its chemical analysis, as showing it to consist, say, of carbon or of silicon, it would not be a greater missing of the mark than has happened in the case of the unique relic of Hebrew literature which we have in the Book of Jonah.

A hot debate, curiously fancied to involve the very existence of a divine revelation, has been raised as to whether this book is a piece of history or of fiction. But its literary characteristics, which go far to solve that question, and the evidently dramatic cast of its lessons of human frailty and divine mercy, have been singularly ignored. This has happened because it was written in Hebrew, that sacred tongue. If it had been written in Greek, it would have been put into the Apocrypha and treated on its intrinsic merits, like the Book of Tobit.

In a literary discussion of the Book of Jonah the question of authorship hardly exists. It is plainly about Jonah, not by him. It is the anonymous work of some humane and catholic-minded man, so far in advance of his times—in some respects even of ours—that, did even tradition give any clue to his personality, we should gladly inscribe him in the roll of the world's great teachers. What the author of Ecclesiastes has done in selecting so great a character as Solomon for the spokesman of his wisdom, the author of Jonah has done. He sets forth contrasting lessons of man's infirmity and God's mercy as suggested by the personal experiences which he attributes to the great prophet of a former generation.

Of Jonah himself, hardly more than the name remains in history. We know only what is so briefly mentioned in 2 Kings xiv., 25, that he flourished (in the eighth century B.C.) during the reign of Jeroboam II., by whose victorious arms the sadly battered kingdom was restored to a brief enjoyment of its Davidic glory. In promoting this national renaissance Jonah is said to have borne his part, as did the better-known prophets of the Davidic era. He must, therefore, though he has failed of proportionate commemoration, have been a considerable figure in tradition for some generations following. But that it was in a later generation that he was selected as the hero, so to speak, of the book which bears his name, appears in the description it gives of Nineveh. For it was not till a century after him that Nineveh, as Professors Schrader and Sayce have pointed out, attained the dimensions ascribed to it as a city whose circumference was a three days' journey.

Our main question, however, relates to the matter of the book, its subject and aim and literary form of treatment. It appears at a glance that this narrative is of a very different class from the other books which bear the names of prophets. These contain discourses more or less interleaved with contemporary history. This, on the contrary, is a tale of personal experiences—the Adventures of Jonah, a modern might entitle it. It is properly classed with the stories of Ruth and Esther, and owes its place among the so-called minor prophets to the name it bears.

It is the most intensely individualistic book in the Bible. In this sense it is wholly the book of Jonah. He is not only the chief person, but the only person introduced by name. The subject is the experiences of a solitary man, alone on the sea amid heathen strangers, alone on the waves as a perishing outcast amid the monsters of the deep, alone in a far foreign land among a people whom he hates. The experiences of this lonely wanderer are related as divine lessons to him, recognized as such by his conscience, and recognizable as such by every conscience, without comment by the narrator. Wayward, willful, intolerant, this man characteristically belongs to a race described by its own prophets as a stiff-necked and rebellious people. The correctives supplied by his experience also epitomize his people's historical training, alike by their chastisement in adversity and their education into a hope in God, not for themselves alone, but for all mankind—a training which, from so raw a missionary as Jonah, led up at length to so consummate an apostle as Paul.

The literary form in which these suggestive experiences of Jonah are set forth is at once simple and striking—a narrative of successive incidents with just enough of connected circumstance to point the moral. Nothing can be simpler than this mere series of pictures, thrown, as it were, on canvas by the stereopticon, and nothing more striking than these successive scenes—the storm, the sea-monster, the sheltering gourd, and then the abruptness with which the spectacle ends, and vivid imagination gives place to calm reflection. The tone and style of the whole is that of an Eastern story-teller, not of a prophet or religious teacher, though a story-teller may doubtless be as effective in religious teaching as a professed prophet. In such a case our judgment whether the matters related are historical or fictitious must depend—as in the case where Satan appears in the prologue to the Book of Job—upon the nature and style of the story itself, and the character of the things narrated.

The first scene is the Tempest. The story launches us at once into a raging sea. It is for Jonah that it rages. He is a runaway servant, to arrest whom God has sent forth the storm. Sent on God's errand to the far eastern Nineveh, he is skulking off to the far western Tarshish. In the extremity of peril all hands are called to prayers. These failing, seamanship failing, recourse is had to divination to discover the miscreant who has provoked wrath so unappeasable. The lot is cast. It falls on Jonah. He recognizes the writ of divine justice, and manfully urges his shipmates to save themselves by surrendering him to his doom. Reluctantly, all further struggles failing, they comply. Straightway the tempest ceases, like an officer of the law departing with a captured prisoner, while the ship's company bow in awestruck adoration of Jonah's God. Thus, in a way more compatible with ancient than modern modes of thought about the causes of storms, the story points the moral of many a tale of guilt in every age: "Be sure your sin will find you out." Utterly at variance as it is with any tenable theory of the rise and subsidence of storms, not more strangely is its moral lesson illustrated in many a modern process of detection by which a wrong-doer is tracked and apprehended. Stories of this sort are common enough. But this stands out among them with a unique charm. The human sympathy that even mortal terrors cannot suppress is seen braving death rather than yield a stranger like Jonah to the confessed displeasure of his God. Contrasting the tenderness of these heathen sailors with his subsequent hardness toward the Ninevites, we recognize the same lesson that Jesus put into the parable of the good Samaritan. The Church has not yet outgrown the need of taking lessons in humanity from men outside her pale. For an early and honest recognition of that need we are debtors to the Book of Jonah.

The second scene is the Deliverance. Jonah is treated as a penitent transgressor. He has humbly accepted, nay, invited and embraced, his punishment, than which there is no surer sign of penitence. But, cast as he is into the raging sea, some means of rescue must be provided. For this service a sea-monster is in waiting, which, swallowing Jonah, transports him in three days to land. Here, as in the tale of the miraculous storm, and again in that of the Ninevite cattle clad in sackcloth and sharing their master's fast, and again in that of the gourd that grew up in a night, the note of imagination is unmistakable. The consistent exuberance of the writer's fancy is sufficient evidence that he is no matter-of-fact historian. He seems rather to be taxing the powers of fancy to set in intensest light a truth which even now Christian thought has not fully apprehended.

The judgments of God are for salvation, not for destruction. The apparently hopeless have not been consigned to despair. Desperate may seem their case, as of one swallowed up by the sea, or even devoured by a sea-monster. Yet, even so, such prayer as Jonah's is not unheard or ineffectual. Though dark and long the way up out of the abyss to the shore, the depths shall give back the sub-

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missive penitent to the land of the living. It is the fundamental truth of the Gospel which Jonah here sets forth in the boldest figures: Salvation to the uttermost for all who seek it. A sorry mistake have they made who, in turning aside here to fight over a fancied miracle, have drawn attention away from this Gospel in the Book of Jonah.

The so-called prayer of Jonah, we should notice, is introduced with true art as a musical interlude, which here divides the narrative into two equal parts. A considerable part of its language is borrowed from the Psalms. It is, in fact, a psalm, in which thanksgiving for deliverance blends with reminiscences of the prayerful longings of the prisoner in the abyss. Surcharged with religious feeling, it comes in to lift the whole story to that higher level of devout reflection in which its moral and religious lessons most readily reach the reader's mind.

The third and last scene is the wideness of God's mercy contrasted with the narrowness of man's. After all his experience of the humanity of his shipmates and the grace of his God, Jonah has not yet learned that one prayer for mercy "doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy." But, in this respect, neither was he then, nor is any one now, a solitary sinner. It is still one of the dark spots in the character even of some religious people that they whose faults most need the covering of charity are least ready to accord it to others. And not for this time any less than for that time is the tender austerity needed of that matchless rebuke which Jonah finally receives.

The scene shifts from the lonely sea to the populous city. Obedient at length to the divine command, the prophet delivers his message in the capital of Assyria: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." No portents bear him out; no comet blazes; no foe threatens. The apparition of this singular prophet was itself deemed a portent by a susceptible people. Conscience responded to the judgment warning; a fast was proclaimed; the king himself sat in ashes; the very beasts wore penitential sackcloth. Thus picturesquely imaged is the cry for mercy now lifted from the city as it had been lifted from the sea. And again God hears, and, pitying, spares.

But Jonah is pitiless; nay, "very angry." He would rather die than that these penitents should live. He frankly lets all his badness out, and confesses to God that it was just because he knew things would turn out so that he had attempted his flight to Tarshish, unwilling that his prediction of woe should be frustrated even by divine forgiveness. Not least impressive among the marvels of the story is the invincible patience in which the All-merciful expostulates with this frantic child—true type of a race described by its own prophets as a stiff-necked and rebellious people—"Doest thou well to be angry?"

But he sulks away from this rebuke, hoping for the worst. He waits and looks with evil eye for what may befall the city, and is solaced meanwhile by the gourd-vine that wondrously springs up to screen him from the sun. But it is as suddenly blighted, and again he passionately complains that life is not worth living. Again the divine question is put to conscience: "Doest thou well to be angry?" and he moodily flings it back. His bitterness is explicable only by the reflection that Nineveh was the power from which Israel had most to dread, so that only in the fall of his country's foe lay his hope for his country's security. He needs—but no more than some need now—to learn that love of country is compatible with love of rival countries. His intolerant Judaism requires the same reminder that it received long after from Paul: "Is God the God of Jews only? Is he not also the God of Gentiles?" The all-inclusive compassion of God, embracing all nations alike, and thoughtful even for his dumb creatures, the truth as needful now as then to shame away the inhumanity of man, is the climax which the story here reaches with a question of unanswerable rebuke: "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, . . . and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?"

This question put, the story ends. For the question carries its own answer, and there is no more to be said. The silence that follows is like the dropping of a curtain over a tableau. The impression it leaves lingering in the eye is a radiant vision of the mercy that endureth forever.

Such a story easily vindicates its place among the gems of ancient literature. Its lessons are indeed made familiar to us by many repetitions in more modern forms. But while men prize the relics of ancient art that time has spared even more highly than the modern reproductions that can be multiplied at will, they deserve to prize this splendid apologue. In ruder times and more forbidding conditions it opened the way toward that humanizing of religion for which the world still groans and waits, in which the love of God shall have become in manifestation what it is now in profession, inseparable from the love of man.

The humanizing of theology also still waits to be achieved, nor will it be till riddance has been made of that pitiless theory of the future life with which Christian interpreters have encumbered the Gospel of Christ. It is commended to us by the appeal, "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, and should not I spare Nineveh?" Has the logic here involved been duly weighed by those who think that God maintains some hopeless sinners in an existence which is capable only of misery forever? For a better thought of God our own contemporaries, no less than the men of former times, must still be referred to "the sign of the prophet Jonah."

Notes of a Tramp—II.

By Edmund Kimball Alden

It is the first day out upon the road. The flush of pleasure in exchanging city streets for green fields and the quiet reaches of the Harlem is over; for some hours the mind has been at liberty to realize that the weather is oppressively hot, that the overshoes and rubber coat, though still useful, are a weariness to the flesh, and that the baggage problem must be still further simplified. The Hudson keeps itself provokingly at a distance from the road; and the alternation of suburban palaces with those appalling creations, the half-rustic and half-urban road-houses and bar-rooms, never seemed more depressing. The deep inward joy which rises above all surroundings is not yet in evidence; its turn will come, with increasing strength, as the days go by. The call of hunger surprises you amidst a desert of villas: why, in your great stupidity, did you omit to bring a lunch from New York? A gunshot from "Sunnyside" you sit down to dinner, in a low, dark, subterranean kitchen, with no pleasant thoughts of Irving, but with anathemas on the leathery steak, and the flies dimly visible in the semi-obscurity. Shadows as well as lights will surely be found in a tramp trip, and well is it when the shadows are met with mainly at the start.

Early morning on a winding road. The thick shade of trees is not yet pierced by the level rays of the sun. The freshness of the morning is in your soul. Forgotten are yesterday's petty annoyances; yesterday's fatigue has disappeared in a dreamless sleep. You have had an early breakfast, before the other guests; *nota bene*, you soon acquire the habit of ordering your breakfast at an exceptionally early hour, and of starting off when average Brooklynites and New Yorkers are rubbing their eyes. The suburbs are nearly passed, the real, genuine country is beginning. At peace with yourself and the world, you come, by a quick turn of the road, to a charming bit of woodlawn scenery—the Croton River just above its entrance into the Hudson. The peacefulness of the stream, which has here forgotten its economic uses, and conveys no suggestions of aqueducts, is unbroken; for the diving of a muskrat in the wood-begirt shallows, or the rising of a heron, does not break the charm. And many hours later in the day (one of the days of that scorching week in July), on tedious and uninteresting hill-slopes, the remembrance of that morning picture by the Croton acts like a tonic.

Two days later, and well up on the steep road through the Plattekill Clove. Since leaving Saugerties you have

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been rising insensibly from the Hudson level to the gateway of the Clove. All through the morning the great eastern wall of the Catskills has been steadily drawing nearer. South Mountain and Hotel Kaaterskill are shown to the north, seemingly close at hand; the noble dome of Overlook Mountain transcends all other objects southward. The frowning rampart—and it is not a little singular that Irving should speak of this fortress-like group as the "fairy mountains"—is deeply divided, cleft, by the two "cloves," the Kaaterskill and the Plattekill, whither we are tending. Every great mountain range or peak should be approached on foot. The enchantment of seeing ravines, passes, spurs, and forests gradually take shape out of their first distant chaos must be realized, it cannot be described. To approach such a mountainous mass in the whirl of a train is unworthy of its dignity; to actually ascend it, unless one is incapacitated, by Otis Elevating Railways and Rigi cog-wheel roads, is worse—it is a sort of profanation.

But to return to the Plattekill Clove. It has this distinction from other Catskill roads, that the zigzag curves hewn out on the mountain, together with the glimpses into abrupt depths, recall memories of other lands and higher mountains; it is, as it were, a bit of the Alps within four hours of New York. Its great rival pass to the north is equally grand in its heights and depths and more interesting for its cascades, but it wants the Alpine sentiment; moreover, the gingerbread structures of the Twilight and Santa Cruz Parks which are rapidly descending its side, and the presence of that abomination, the "turned-on" cataract, are not enhancing the idyllic beauties of the Kaaterskill Clove.

What is life on the road on a typical day? Picturesque scenery and changes in the landscape can counteract fatigue, but they cannot dispel hunger and thirst. It is, let us say, half-past eleven on a long stretch of level road. A few miles ahead lies a village; on our map it bears the name Danby, Arlington, Milton, South or East this or that; now it is translated simply as the next lunching-place. Apparently the map is wrong, or the hamlet is a myth, or we have lost the way; but this cannot be; the aborigines all declare that we are bound thither, only the interpretation of the distance to be traversed does not greatly vary as we interview successive natives of the country. A group of houses is disclosed; alas! it is only a suburb; the real village is "about a mile and a half away." It is reached, and the hunger limit is reached at the same time. "Is there anything here in the shape of a restaurant or hotel?" "There ain't no restaurant; p'r'aps you can get something over to Mrs. Blank's." But you avoid Mrs. Blank's and enter the grocery-store. And there are many worse lunching-places than the counter of a country store. For a ridiculously small sum you are soon surrounded with a profusion of ginger-snaps, cheese, shop-worn oranges, crackers, and other delicacies, and the whole is washed down with some innocuous "soft drink" at which a third-party Prohibitionist could not cavil. And as the banquet progresses the mental horizon is expanded by instructive if not invariably cheering converse with the populace.

Certain views linger long in the memory. Between the latitude of Poughkeepsie and Esopus is a particularly dry bit of road, and a sweltering heat of mid-afternoon increased the monotony. So much the greater was the joy in seeing from the height of a long slope twenty miles of the Hudson, with its banks showing that air of long settlement so noticeable in the neighborhood of Kingston. Again, as the traveler passes from New York into Massachusetts, he crosses the Taconic Range by a low pass, and emerges into famous Berkshire, once renowned as a literary center, the home of Bryant, Holmes, Thoreau, Longfellow, Beecher, and Hawthorne, and now better known to the general reading public as the autumn headquarters of the nobility and gentry. The sharply pointed ridge called Yokun's Seat serves as a landmark for us to leave Lenox and Stockbridge to the right; and as the road fairly comes abreast of the mountain's base, Pittsfield, the capital of the Berkshires, is suddenly disclosed at the foot of a long slope, three miles away. The many distant spires interspersed in a forest of shade-trees, the high hills looming in all directions in the early evening, the literary associations ranging in time from Bryant to the Goodale sisters, the historic reminiscences of the days when the Hoosic and Taconic Ranges were of strategic importance, the thought that Pittsfield is on the threshold of Greylock, Bennington battle-field, and the Green Mountains, combined to afford a few moments of exquisite pleasure. I will not linger over the often-described checker-board-like view from Greylock, nor the solemnity of the Bennington monument, majestic in the twilight, and still imposing with its three hundred feet of stone when I was far on my way northward. But Equinox Mountain must not be overlooked as it appeared late in an afternoon, when its deep-blue slopes and valleys were blackening in a fast-approaching thunder-storm.

There comes a time in the course of a long tramp when woes of the flesh and spirit are reduced nearly to the vanishing-point. Such a day arrived when I crossed the main ridge of the Green Mountains from Rutland to Woodstock. The air was bracing, almost autumnal; the scenery, Killington Peak and his associates, most inspiring. All aches and pains had yielded to the simplest of all treatments—"walking them off." The road made a wide detour around the peak; at the top of the pass the country was so thinly settled that a wild deer bounded across my path, but a few yards away. Indeed, so wild was the region that a view of the traditional bears, lynxes, and catamounts—which are to the folk-lore of the guileless mountaineers even as the sea-serpent is to the natives of Essex and Plymouth Counties—even this would not have surprised me; in fact, I kept, metaphorically speaking, my umbrella and shoulder-strap at half-cock all day. Pleasant it was in the afternoon to walk sixteen miles down the eastern side, near the musical Ottaqueechee, winding with the stream around the foot-hills, until evening found me at the restful Woodstock Inn.

One more picture of travel. It has been a long climb from tide-water at King's Bridge to the top of the Franconia Mountains in New Hampshire. For some days I have been in the mountains' very heart, living among them, drinking in their spirit, "blazing" out a path to the "Lost River," climbing Lafayette and Moosilauke, and rescuing a fellow-traveler, an exemplary Baptist, from an involuntary plunge-bath in his favorite element. One peak, Mount Liberty, a finely chiseled pyramid, has beckoned temptingly during every day of mountaineering. And one morning I steal away in a haze—a wild attempt, they will say—and soon am at the Pool and the foot of the mountain. The path through the forests of hickory and spruce, now lost amid the "slashes" of the lumbermen, then recovered by aid of the "blazes," becomes better defined towards the summit; nor do I leave it, except for a short visit to an ice-cold spring oozing out of the ledges. The trees degenerate into scrub. A scramble follows, and the summit is gained—a small platform of rock. The haze hides the Presidential Range; Chocorua, Kearsarge, and other familiar friends are invisible. But the scarred Flume Mountain shows plainly across a profound ravine; the sides of Liberty itself, rock-ribbed or forested, stand clearly outlined. And in the mid-distance is beheld a sight worth miles of tramping and climbing—Mounts Kinsman, Coolidge, and Haystack, emerging like ghostly specters from the wilderness of summer haze that overhangs the valley of the Pemigewasset.

Frustration

By Edmund Clarence Stedman

When the veil from the eyes is lifted,
The seer's head is gray.
When the sailor to the shores has drifted,
The sirens are far away.
Oh, why should the clearer vision,
The wisdom of life's late hour,
Come, as in fate's derision,
When the hands have lost their power?

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Is there a rarer being? Is there a fairer sphere
  Where the strong are not unseeing,
And the harvests are not sere?
  Where, ere the seasons dwindle,
They yield their due return;
  Where the lamps of knowledge kindle
While the flames of youth still burn?
  Oh! for the young man's chances—
Oh! for the old man's will—
  These flee while this advances,
And the strong years cheat us still.

—*Selected.*

A Great Spanish Writer

By Rollo Ogden

José María de Pereda

The typical and representative man of letters may be more easily and impartially picked out in Spain than, for example, in our own country. With literary traditions and national characteristics taking form and fixity through four hundred years, there is not the temptation to be drawn aside after the startling or the eccentric, or to expend too much curiosity on the writer who is more a cosmopolitan than a Spaniard, or an imitator of current styles in literature more than a cultivator of the national literary inheritance. Spain has no lack of authors who interest by their originality or peculiarities, by their wide assimilation of modern thought, or their improvement upon foreign models. But from all such we turn aside when inquiring for a literary man who best stands for the genuine Spanish tradition. Searching for a writer cast in the old national mold, we leave Alarcón and Galdós and Valera and Valdés, and go, where, in truth, they themselves tell us to go, to the city and province of Santander, and ask for José María de Pereda.

For more than half a century he has been living there, and for a good part of that time he has been writing of mountain and sea, of peasant and sea-captain and merchant and fisherman, until now his sixteen or seventeen volumes make up a series of pictures that astonish by their variety and vividness. His rendering of life carries its own stamp of veracity. Types that have now passed away, customs that are rapidly changing even in Santander, the very form and pressure of the life of the province, with its two grand divisions of mountaineers and mariners—all are there in these volumes of his, preserved in the amber of his style. His range is surprising. He has confined himself almost exclusively to his little corner of Spain—"his carefully tended and well-watered bit of garden," Señora Bazán calls it—and yet in his four thousand octavo pages about Santander there is so little repetition, such infinite riches of humor and close observation and delicate portrayal! To his artist's eye and reflective mind the homely and meager life of his farmers and fishermen is enough to shadow forth the entire drama of human existence.

Pereda's earliest, and in many respects his best, work is to be found in his volumes of short stories, or, as he prefers to call them, "pictures of manners" (*cuadros de costumbres*). Four volumes of these figure in his collected works. Most famous of all is his "Escenas Montañesas," the first edition dating from 1864. Here one finds charming pictures of types and customs rapidly disappearing or already gone. Curious practices of the peasantry, almost inexplicable in significance, and quite so in origin; semi-religious observances in which a flavor of the old heathenism still persists, serve to show how deeply into the secrets of his humble fellows Pereda has penetrated. And with all these oddities, and with some ferocities, we have also in this volume many a scene of rustic rejoicing and family observance, and life in the street or along the shore or upon the mountain—all so veracious and convincing, all drawn with such skillful accuracy and such appreciation of the value of the homeliest bit of life, that the whole gives an extraordinary impression of the author's insight and literary power. He never caricatures. He never makes fun of his fishermen and peasants. If you find them amusing in Pereda's pages, it is only because you would find them so in reality. His other volumes of short stories are marked in the main by the same qualities. Their interest is not dramatic. They have almost no plot. They are simply veridical pictures of life, filled with homely objects depicted as by the brush of a Teniers, and depending for their interest upon their sheer and illuminating reality.

In his longer works he shows more of dramatic constructiveness, lets a vein of satire come to the surface now and then, and is in some respects more like the conventional novelist. Yet in all that he has written he preserves the distinguishing marks of his own individuality, and those are his great gift of lifelike description, his wonderful dialogue caught warm from the lips of men—the most wonderful dialogue in Spanish since Cervantes, say the Spanish critics—and his ability to render the most alien forms of life as if from the inside. Figures throbbing with reality are to be found among all classes of his personages. He has nobles, landed proprietors, merchants, politicians, physicians, priests, who seem as if about to step out of his canvas into the breathing world. Yet it is his peasants and sailors that are most alive. It seems as if Pereda had united in his own person the impossible conditions of having been himself a peasant or a sailor all his life, and yet of having wrought out a delicate literary style to convey the thoughts and sensations of a man to whom books are an unknown world.

Pereda has himself had little to say of his theories of art. In one of his prefaces he resents the name of realist, "if that epithet means to rank me under the triumphant French banner of foul-smelling naturalism." But he admits that he must be called a realist if realism means "a fondness for making the characters in a book *human*." His example and his style have had a prodigious effect upon contemporary Spanish fiction. Boldly breaking away from the conventions which he found regnant, he has had many followers in his choice of themes, and to-day other pens are trying to do for the other parts of Spain what his has done for Santander. As Galdós has remarked, it was Pereda, too, who gave the finishing blow to the lingering spirit of classicism in style, which made mule-drivers talk like précisians. That is ended now, and the pages of contemporary Spanish novelists are alive with dialect and slang and metaphors of the soil and sea and shop. In all this Pereda has been the arch-revolutionist. Himself master of a style which is at once elegant and flexible, he makes his personages speak in character. Says Galdós: "His influence in our literature is of the very greatest, and time and the infallible justice of the literary judgments that are to be will so declare it. Many owe to him all that they are, and some more than is suspected."

Of Pereda personally there is little to be said. His face shows him to be the right Spaniard that he is. A landed proprietor, he divides his time between his country-seat at Polanco and his winter home in Santander. If he is an innovator in art, in religion and politics he is a conservative of the straitest sect. Doubtless he himself would say that his art is but a return to the old models—to the methods of Cervantes and Velasquez. At any rate, he sniffs loudly at the vaunted liberty of parliamentary government, and sighs for the good old days of absolutism in Church and State. At bottom a Spanish cavalier, he has devoted to his art that fine intensity which in another age might have led him to conquer a kingdom in the New World, or meet the deadly shock at Lepanto.

The reader will find on the following page a translated fragment from one of Pereda's most characteristic tales.

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Selected Short Stories

V.—The Last of His Race

By José M. de Pereda

Translated from the Spanish by Rollo Ogden

I.

It was sixteen years ago that I had last seen him, and even then I had thought him an old man. But there he was walking down the wharf, lifting his gigantic figure above the crowd of fishermen's wives and vagabonds that surrounded him. Some of the women were groaning, others sighing, wiping their eyes frequently with the hem of their aprons or with the back of the hand, while the street-boys swarmed in and out among them like ants, with the liveliest curiosity. He was talking to everybody without looking at anybody, forcing out his hoarse speech roughly, as if the words were shaken off his shoulders and accented by his fists. Any one merely seeing him without hearing what he was saying would have taken him for the fierce master of a drove of slaves and not for the comforter of that afflicted band.

Meanwhile, near the headland of San Martin, a man-of-war was straining at her anchor. A thick column of smoke was blown from her funnel by the brisk northeast wind, as if to wave farewell to the city of Santander. Grouped on board were the valiant fishermen whom the latest conscription had torn from their homes, perhaps forever. It was to see the last of them that Tremontorio, the rough Hercules of a sailor, bronzed by all the climates and buffeted by all the seas of the world, had come down with their wives and children.

Tuerto's wife met Tremontorio on his way back to his attic, and at the sight of him began to moan and let loose a torrent of cries and questions.

"Has the blessed man gone? O my precious husband! Was he weeping? Did he think of me at all? Tell me, Uncle Tremontorio, for my heart is breaking with grief. Will he have to go very far? Will he ever come back? Will it be very long? Alas for me, left all alone and without support! They have even taken my children from me, uncle—they have taken them from my house. Well do I know who it was! Well do I know why it was done! But in the next world you will have vengeance taken on you, drunken busybody!"

She turned and shook her fist at the balcony where her mother-in-law was sitting. Tremontorio merely looked at her from under his grizzled eyebrows. When she turned to face him again, he did not relax; fresh clouds, rather, crossed his already threatening face, and for sole response to all her exclamations and inquiries he let fly at her like a cannon-shot the single word—

"Vixen!"

Then he looked about him with the calmness and majesty of a three-decker. Thereafter he stalked away to his den, flung himself upon his mattress, and slept straight into the night.

II.

Something more than a year after Tuerto had gone, he met Tremontorio one day with his hands in his pockets and with a face of vinegar.

"Where do you come from?" asked the old sailor, embracing the apparition affectionately, though in great amazement.

"From the navy," replied Tuerto.

"From the navy! Why, didn't you send a letter eight days ago, for Patuca to read to me?"

"True enough."

"Well, you didn't say anything about coming so soon. How does it happen?"

"The day after I wrote you the ship's crew joined the revolution."

"You don't say! And you too?"

"Not if I know it. But I was rushed along with the rest of them without knowing how."

"How many of the mutineers did they string up to the maintop?"

"Not one."

"What are you telling me! Did anybody ever see anything like that? But you don't mean to say you've come without shore-leave?"

"I'm not such a fool; I have a passport."

"Who gave you that, when they might have pronounced sentence of death upon you?"

"A gunner and a big land-officer who took charge of things."

"But where was the captain, and the officers?"

"They had all they could do to find a harbor in the cabin, after knocking down a half-dozen of the revolutionists."

"But how did it happen that they did not hang you as soon as you stepped ashore?"

"Why, they honored the passport which had been given me on board, signed by the land-officer."

"But don't you know better than to take anything whatever from a land-officer meddling with the command of a man-of-war?"

"Well, it had to be done, I tell you. Besides, my time was nearly up, and I was waiting from one day to another to be discharged."

"But not in any such way as that. A land-officer! I wish he had come alongside the Ferrolana, when we were on the other side of the world, with his furloughs and his discharges! It's most likely they'll draft you again, man; for law is law, and he that eats has to pay, to-morrow if not to-day."

III.

The brave veteran of the Ferrolana thought that, despite the revolution, he could by his daily labor live, if not in peace, for the few years that remained to him. But a blow fell upon his broad shoulders which even they could scarcely support. This cruel stroke was the abolition of the society of registered sailors, decreed by the central government. News of this action almost drove Tremontorio crazy, and for many days he would not admit that it could be possible. When he could no longer deny the truth of the report, he wandered restlessly up and down the wharf discharging his rage upon the first comrade who came within his reach.

"There's nothing to do but to swallow it, Uncle Tremontorio," said some fishermen. They were sore from having been deceived. They had petitioned for the abolition of the registered sailors' society, hoping in that way to get rid of the conscriptions, and not perceiving, or being told by any one, that they would be losing thereby their exclusive rights in the waters of that harbor.

"Nothing to do!" exclaimed Tremontorio, clenching his fists; "we will see about that, I guess. Who ordered this done, anyhow?"

"The superior government."

"What business have these governments to meddle in sailors' affairs, I'd like to know? What do they know about the sea?"

"Orders are orders, Tremontorio."

"Not in my house, though!"

"Well, law is law, now and always."

"That's just it! I take my stand on the law, and long live *our* law, I say!"

"But one law kills another, and the new one is always the one that counts."

"It may be so on the land, but it don't work that way on the sea."

"That's nonsense, man. Besides, looking into the thing, what does it all amount to, after all? And even if it does hurt us, you know they will stop the conscriptions."

"Always talking about the conscriptions! Always frightening yourself out of sleep with them! They caught me twice, and I tell you that I am not sorry for it a bit now. Yes, sir, and if you were not blind you'd see it clearly enough. Why, with this order from up yonder, they say, 'The doors of the sea are open.' There go I, and there go you, and there go the others, too, for I tell you that along with us can go, this law in their hand, the street loafer and the stevedore and every vagabond of the whole coast. That's a thing I won't stand, for my part, I tell you. The sea was made for men who are fit to go

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out on it, and always have gone. When was it ever heard of that such offscouring should go out to deep-water fishing along with me? I tell you, you have no sense of shame if you let yourselves be put on a level with such ignoramuses. A fine idea, that they are as good as we are!"

"All this is very good, but you've got to consider that the thing is written in the law up there, and what we want down here amounts to nothing."

"You'll see if it amounts to nothing. For one thing, those governments will find out that Tremontorio will have nothing more to do with the sea under this law of theirs."

Nor did he, for a long while. But when time had shown that the sea, despite the new law, was not profaned by landlubbers, and when he could no longer endure the tedium of his life on shore, he went back to his launch, although with much grumbling.

IV.

It was the evening of the day when the terrible storm engulfed three hundred and eighty fishermen between Fuenterrabia and Cabo Mayor. Eighty of them belonged to Santander. Inquiring for Tremontorio, I learned that he was one of the few who had been saved, almost miraculously, but that, on account of the fearful hardships he had gone through, at his age, he had been brought to death's door.

I found him stretched out on his humble bed; ghastly pale, but very calm. Another sailor was watching by him, whom I soon perceived to be Tuerto. He seemed so aged and bent and gray that I did not know him at first.

"How are you feeling?" I asked the old fisherman.

"The pilot is already on board," [1] he replied in his customary voice.

"It is as well to be on the safe side," I said, understanding his sailor's figure of speech and wishing to encourage him.

"Safe side your grandmother!" he replied with a frown. "My hull is worn out, my masts have gone by the board, the harbor is a difficult one, and the bar is narrow: when do you need a pilot if not at such a time?"

"You are quite right," I said, finding him so tranquil. "In such times as this the stuff in a man is tested. It is easy to see that you do not need to be towed in."

"No, thanks be to God, who gives me more than I deserve. Eighty years old; never to have wronged anybody in such a long life; to have gone through so many storms at sea, and at last to die in a bed like a Christian, with a friend by my side—would it not be mere covetousness and shamelessness to ask more, I'd like to know?"

The wonderful thing about this language was that it was perfectly simple-hearted and sincere—all of a piece with the man's daily speech for so many years.

I asked him if there were no symptoms, no indications, of such tempests.

"Indications!" exclaimed Tremontorio, with a bitter smile; "that kind never gives any. There you are in your boat as peaceful as a leaf on a tree. Land is in sight, and the sea is like a cup of broth. You'd think you might stay that way for a month. In that face there is nothing to make anybody suspicious. But suddenly a bit of breeze strikes you in the face. You look off to the nor'east, and there you see a yellow-gray mist covering the sea and coming on with leaps like a wild beast, with a rushing noise as if water was flowing down all the cliffs on the coast. When you see and hear that, your blood stops; but you seize the oars and run up a rag of a sail to try to scud before the wind. But it is upon you before you can make a single stroke."

"What do you mean by *it*?"

"*It*, Señor? Why, I do not know what it is unless it is the wrath of God passing by."

"Well, but what takes place in such terrible moments?"

"Do you suppose any one knows? I rather guess you haven't either eyes or time to see. You are in a great flood of foam that flings the launch about as if it were a nutshell. First it carries you up, and then it lets you down, and when it lets you down it falls on you. You do not know what is falling, rocks or what, for it bruises you and suffocates you at the same time. When you open your eyes, misery! there's not a man in sight, nor a boat, nor an oar, nor a coast, nor a sky, nor anything. One blow shoves you under, and another flings you out of water. Your head begins to whirl, and the one who best knows how to swim tries to forget how, so as to end the thing as soon as possible."

"But it must have done you some good to know how to swim, since you made out to save yourself when so many others perished."

The man looked at me with a scowl, and said, emphatically:

"Not a bit of good; not a bit, I tell you!"

"Then how did you get to land?"

"Because God so willed it. Anybody but a blind man could see that."

I urged the fearless fisherman to tell me what had actually taken place. But he resorted to brusque evasions, until finally Tuerto spoke up and said:

"I will tell you about it, Señor, for we two were saved together. The hurricane carried us, before we knew it, within two cables of San Pedro del Mar; and just as we thought we should not stop before being driven into the sand, a tremendous wave, the like of which I never saw before, turned us bottom up. When I came to the surface, of all my fourteen comrades, only this one was in sight, about six yards away. I had the good luck to seize hold of the launch, but this unlucky man had no resource left him but his arms. That was no small one, for, in the matter of swimming, no fish in the sea could get the better of him. An oar was thrown his way by a wave, and he grasped that and rested a bit. But I noticed that he caught hold with only one arm, and did not help himself in the slightest with the other. 'Swim this way,' I shouted, 'till I can reach you a hand, and then you can get hold of the boat.' 'How do you suppose I am going to swim?' replied he. 'Why, why not?' said I. 'Because my breeches are hauling me down fearfully. Seems like I had got the whole ocean in them. And what's worse, the button's come off the belt.' 'Kick them off, then, fool!' 'I can't do it, idiot!' 'Why not?' 'Because this morning I broke the ribbon of my scapulary, and put it in my pocket.' 'Well, what's that got to do with it?' 'Why, if I kick off the breeches, the Virgin of Carmen will go to the bottom with them.' 'What if she does, man, so long as it is only her image?' 'But she has been blessed, I tell you, and if she goes to the bottom, who's going to get me out of this scrape, imbecile?'

"As this comrade of mine spoke these words, he was dashed against me, I don't know how, and grasped the launch. At the same time a wave rose above us off to windward, such as no mortal man ever saw the equal of. I thought that was the end, not only of our lives, but of the whole world. It burst upon us, and that's the end of my story, for I saw or heard nothing more, and hadn't a particle of sense left except just enough to finish a vow I was making to the Virgin del Mar. But it seems the wave must have driven us ashore when it broke, for we found ourselves there, when we came to life again, grasping pieces of the shattered boat. It's the simple truth, Señor, that it is nothing but a miracle that we two came out of it alive."

The conversation lasted but little longer. As I went away, I held out my hand to those heroic sailors, and said to the dying Hercules:

"I shall hope to see you again."

"Why not?" he replied, giving to my words a wider meaning than I had intended. "We are all sailors on the same sea, and have set out for the same port. If Satan does not shut us out of it, we shall both anchor in it—I to-morrow, and you some other day."

"God grant it may be so!" I said from the bottom of my heart.

[1] *I. e.*, he had received extreme unction.

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The Home

The Secret of Repose

The return of the seasons brings special cares, special duties, and also what might be termed seasonable complaints. The year with us begins, in fact, in October. Household cares, wardrobe, school, society, and outside work—all present new and imperative demands. In fact, the business of living thrusts itself into the last weeks of vacations—absences perhaps would be the truer word, since so few of us have the gifts which make vacation possible. Already the cry of "No time" is heard, and it will be but a few more weeks when to this will be added "I am so tired," and then one after another is laid aside by physician's order for repairs, like a weather-beaten ship—but, alas! without the honor of having met the storms and weathered them, of having carried cargoes to ports, and wrecked mariners to havens; rather like clumsily built catboats that tried to sail the ocean when they were meant to navigate a mill-pond. Women break down because they will not learn to use their strength and ability legitimately. It is not the use of their intelligence and strength, but their abuse, that wrecks them.

It is wicked for a woman to assume more responsibility outside of her home than she can meet in freshness of spirit and mind. The woman who neglects her home for outside cares cannot be useful in the truest sense. The same lack of moral perspective that permits her to thrust aside her first duty is sure to make her unreliable in her outside duties. No organization is secure that depends on a negligent home-maker for success. The intelligence of every woman is shown by the nicety of balance that she preserves in her relations. She grows not only wise but beautiful as the years crown her with the glow of a reserve power that makes bankruptcy impossible.

The First and Second Generation

By Elizabeth Elliot

There is one small girl in this city who will grow up elaborately well educated—that is, if she doesn't give it up in disgust and decline to grow up at all. She rode down on the elevated train recently from Harlem to Twenty-third Street, and a weary ride she had of it. She was a red-haired, freckle-faced little creature, with a jolly little turned-up nose, and as brimful of effervescent life and spirits as the crisp autumn morning. Her mother, who was with her, was young and blooming, but her eyebrows met in an anxious and harassed frown, and it was plain to be seen that she was one of those laboriously conscientious people, determined to improve the shining hour, and every minute of it, too, in improving her daughter.

When they entered the car, the little one pranced to a window, eager to look out. Her mother at once drew down the blind. "No," she said, in a low voice, "you know you are to do your spelling-lesson. What does *m-e* spell?"

The little girl fidgeted and hesitated. Clearly her mind was not intent on philological research, even of the most elementary character.

"Let me see," she hesitated. Then, eagerly, "Oh, mamma, do look at that little girl over there! She has her doll."

"Never mind the little girl," said mamma, immovably, in the same low tone. "What does *m-e* spell?"

After many digressions and erroneous guesses, received by mamma with quiet disapproval, the problem was at last solved, only to be succeeded by another. But the little one's attention was now riveted upon her hat, which she had removed for purposes of investigation.

"Mamma," she queried, "why don't these roses smell sweet?"

"Give me your hat," said mamma, with quiet severity, "and spell *man*."

After vainly wrestling with this recondite problem, as the train stopped at Seventy-second Street, the child, with the effervescent foolishness of childhood, cried out:

"Seventy-twoth Street!"

She was so pleased with her little joke that she repeated it several times, but it met with no response from her mother.

"What ought you to say?" she inquired, gravely.

"Seventy-twoth," repeated the child, with a merry giggle.

"You know that is not right," said her mamma, sternly. "What ought you to say?"

The child was confused by the serious tone, and blundered and stammered before she finally achieved Seventy-second. Then she leaned her head against her mother's plump and comfortable arm and said she was tired.

"Sit up straight," said her mother, firmly. "How many are two and three?"

Confronted by this abstruse mathematical problem, the little one started, in time-honored childish fashion, to count on her fingers, but this trifling was promptly suppressed. By the time the problem was solved the little red head had tumbled over wearily, and the child said, with unconscious pathos, as she leaned against her mother, "Mamma, I'm so tired! and my head aches."

All the brightness was gone out of the autumn sunshine, all the fun out of the expedition down-town. And yet the pretty young mother did not mean to be stern or strict. She was only too conscientious and too anxious to force the fruit, forgetting that the useless beauty of the blossom has its own fresh charm, which is, alas! only too evanescent.

The indulgent grandparent has long been celebrated, but the record of his fond foolishness with his grandchildren has undoubtedly been broken by a venerable divine of this city. He was one of the old-fashioned parents, now almost obsolete, who brought up his own sons with an unrelaxing vigilance, never indulging them or himself with a single dereliction from strict rule. They do credit to his training, perhaps because it was judiciously counteracted by an extremely jolly and easy-going mother, and the whole five of them are now dominies themselves.

The youngest recently came home with his own youngest for a visit, and upon this little scamp grandpa lavished all the tenderness he had conscientiously repressed with his own boys. Feeling that the responsibility of training the child rested with his parents, he indulged himself and the boy equally, and the two were boon companions and playfellows, the child seeing instinctively that his word was law with grandpa.

The climax of his tyranny was reached one morning at prayers. He kneeled as usual beside his grandfather, who was praying with his accustomed fervor and continuance. As he reached "that branch of thy Zion with which we are connected," the rest of the family heard a shrill childish whisper break in upon his sonorous petitions:

"Grandpa," it said, in laboriously distinct syllables, "lend—me—your—knife!"

His strictly trained father, never permitted to move or speak during prayers, could not forbear to interrupt his own devotions sufficiently to look over and see his revered parent put his hand in his pocket, and, still praying uninterruptedly, obediently produce the knife.

All was quiet at the little chair for a few minutes, and grandpa had gotten as far as "the heathen in far-distant lands."

"Hasten the time," he prayed earnestly, "when the earth shall be filled—"

"Grandpa!" broke in the distinct whisper.

"With the knowledge of the Lord," went on grandpa, a little louder. "*Grandpa*," said the insistent whisper, "*open it!*"

"As the waters cover the sea!" continued grandpa, obediently opening the knife.

The rest of the prayer may have been a profitable spir-

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itual exercise for the old gentleman, but it was of very little benefit to his family.

About a Few of Our House-Plants

By Mary Reynolds

Great is the demand for palms, and great the supply; seemingly, "no home should be without one;" but, as a rule, they are not considered satisfactory. Also as a rule, this stranger in a strange land receives so much cold negligence, or else is overwhelmed with such injudicious kindness, that he becomes incapable of doing the decorative work intended for him. Florists recognize this domestic idiosyncrasy, and profit largely by opening a sort of palm hospital, where the sick plants may recover a forced vitality; in the meantime bare corners are filled with substitute palms, that there may be no lack of green. This unnecessary expense may generally be saved if the owner will follow the treatment for palms which they require. A great deal lies in the plant itself. In large hothouses palms are so forced that four years' growth is crowded into two, often resulting in a superb plant that simply dies from forced vitality. "They become so mournful that they should be used exclusively for funeral decorations," exclaimed one disgusted woman, who had lamented a succession of handsome palms. Frequently the handsome cheap palms sold on the street or at market are nothing but large tops cut off and stuck in a pot, with no root, and of course these refuse to grow.

Buy a small, hardy, well-rooted palm; plant in a deep pot, as the roots grow down and not outward. Be careful to have an inch or so of drainage, then fill with rich loamy soil to within three-fourths of an inch of the brim. Water plentifully three times a week with lukewarm water; when watering, fill to the brim, that the roots may fully absorb all the moisture. Shower the leaves daily, that scale may not form. Sunshine is imperative for at least an hour or two each day; but it is not well to keep the palm in a sunny window. It needs fresh air as well as sunshine. These hardy palms keep a glossy, flexible look, entirely different from the half-cooked specimens so often seen, with deep brown fringe on the leaves. Palms raised from seed are attainable, but the growth is tedious, as the seed must be soaked in warm water for a month or more before sprouting. Palm exportation is quite an industry in tropical countries, where they are planted in rows, and shipped when a foot or two in height. The greater number come from Trinidad.

Now that the chrysanthemum is the idol of the hour, it seems curious to reflect that it was brought to this country for medicinal use. A traveler wandering through Japan possessed a soul incapable of appreciating the beautiful flower, but he judged from its herb-like odor that it must contain properties suitable to nauseous concoctions, and brought it home as a medicine, so the story runs. The chrysanthemum's present popularity among flower-lovers, and the increasing success as a botanical specimen among our horticulturists, makes it almost a rival of its Japanese cousin as a national flower. In Japan, though, the chrysanthemum, pure and simple, is loved, while comparatively few attempts are made to better (?) the natural bloom. Chrysanthemums intended for winter flowering should be started late and "starved;" that is, the soil should be mixed with ashes. When brought into the house, water the plants plentifully, and once a week apply a liquid fertilizer.

Now is the time to start bulbs for spring blooming. Hyacinths and tulips alike do better in pots than in the bulb-glasses with only water for nourishment. It is almost useless to use the same bulbs for house-blooming a second season. Save until the following spring, and plant out in the garden. Buy new, healthy bulbs, plant one at a time in separate small pots, by partly covering the bulb with rich earth, then set away in a dark, cool place, until the roots have time to strengthen. If started in time, there is never need to hurry flowers. German flower-lovers accuse us of hurting our plants by "American rush"—in fact, injuring their nervous systems!

A somewhat similar method will produce beautiful flowers by Easter from Bermuda and calla lily bulbs. The Bermuda or Easter lily bulb should be planted in an eight or ten inch pot filled with well-decomposed manure. Just here it is well to say that, in filling pots, all plants whose roots require moisture—and their number is legion—should have nearly an inch of space between soil and the top of the pot, to be filled with water. Put sand about the bulbs, then a layer of soil an inch deep. Place in cellar until December, then bring, one at a time if a succession is desired, to a sunny window.

Some claim that callas do better in a stone jar, with an inch of drainage at bottom, and each week a stick run down the tilted jar that the water may run off. Water callas with lukewarm water daily, and when in bloom be careful to keep from close contact with glass in a sunny window, as the heat draws and browns the flower.

The freesia bulb planted in October or November in six or eight inch pots will blossom profusely by January. Summer geraniums for winter use should be cut down one-half, potted in seven or eight inch pots, or in square boxes, kept moist, and watered weekly with a liquid fertilizer. They will bloom by January.

The little red spider that infests plants can be routed out only with syringe applications of water. He dislikes water and flies from it. For white worm in pots, apply lime-water. For aphis or lice, use infusion of sulpho-tobacco soap. Apply with syringe.

Unsettled

Alas and alas! It is not settled! We had hoped it would be, but the question still disturbs some members of society—and for those who skirt its outer edge, and the still larger number who listen for its trumpet-tone of authority, there is uncertainty for the reason that the powers that be are uncertain themselves—what to wear at the yearly New York Horse Show. Whether reception or street dress for women is the proper thing for the evening, whether Prince Albert or sack coats are the proper thing for men in the afternoon, is the question; last week some men whose names indicate a nearness to the voice of fashion did not wear evening dress in the evening. It is funny to read the description in the morning papers of a hostess in a plain dark cloth dress in her box in the evening, with a guest who wore a semi-Grecian costume, but it was funnier to see it; and no less amusing to see the wearer of the classic dress crowning it, as it were, with a modern evening bonnet. A few years ago it was suggested that women adopt a uniform evening dress, as men had, the woman's evening dress to be a black silk dress simply made. The festive appearance an evening social occasion would then present would delight the soul of a consistent undertaker. But the combination of a Greek dress and a modern bonnet, worn together and in close companionship with a tailor-made gown in the evening, would reconcile any lover of fitness to the male and female evening suit.

The Inner Life

Many striking incidents took place during the recent campaign, under the Woman's Municipal League of New York, in the effort to overthrow Tammany. None was more striking than the following:

A meeting had been called down-town in a hall over a liquor-saloon in a strong Tammany district. When the meeting was called to order, it was evident that, outside of the reporters and a few up-town friends, the English-speaking audience was very, very small. In fact, it numbered two; and it is doubtful whether these two really could follow an address delivered from a platform. Both of the assigned speakers were unable to speak German. One of them decided to speak in English. Just then a young woman employed in East Side work came in. It was known to

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the woman who had charge of the meeting that the newcomer spoke German, and she was asked to speak. Drawing herself up with that manner which shows the Pharisaical spirit and is peculiar to the woman who makes a better critic than worker, she exclaimed, "I do not talk"—implying, "You talk, I work." The occasion was pitiful—a handful of women knowing that something was being done, and that they were called upon to do their part, eager and anxious to learn what was expected, completely shut out from the available avenue of knowledge!

The eager, questioning expression in their faces as they watched the woman trying to tell them a few plain facts in a language they did not understand was enough to move a heart of stone. At this point one of the reporters from a New York daily which was doing noble work in behalf of the city—a young girl—stepped up to the leader, saying, timidly, "I speak German, and I would like to help." Her offer was received with heartfelt gratitude. She put down note-book and pencil, and, standing before those women, she told them what the women of New York were trying to do, what they could do. Her face was aglow with sympathy and enthusiasm. The hooded, bonneted, and shawl-covered heads nodded in approval or verification as the speaker went on. At last she stopped and the meeting closed; but the German women gathered around their friend and clung to her hands and dress. The Pharisee gathered her skirts and left. What kind of mind can a woman have who would let such an opportunity for helpfulness pass? The greatest danger that threatens professional philanthropists is the development of just such a spirit—the feeling that they are better than other men because of their profession. The little reporter taught a lesson to every intelligent woman there.

Laddie

By Mrs. George A. Paull

In Two Parts—I.

Jack and Laddie were inseparable friends and companions. Whenever you heard Jack's merry whistle you would hear Laddie's sharp, quick bark, and wherever Laddie made his appearance you might be sure that Jack was not very far away.

They had been the warmest of friends ever since one cold, blustery afternoon the winter before, when Jack, on his way home from school, was followed by a forlorn, shivering little dog, who looked wistfully at him with great brown eyes that seemed to say:

"Do take me for your dog! I know I am not very much of a dog, but I like you, and you look as if you would be kind to me. Please let me be your dog."

Jack had not noticed him at first. He was thinking about the prospects for bobbing that night, and he was wishing that he had spent a certain Saturday afternoon in getting his bob all ready for use, so that he would have had it on hand if the feathery flakes that were floating about in the air meant a snow-storm that would be deep enough to give the hill a good coat of snow.

Jack was so busy thinking, that for a while he did not notice the meek little dog, who trotted after him deprecatingly, with a ridiculous air of uncertainty as to whether he was welcome or not.

At last he gave a pitiful little whine, and Jack looked down.

"Hello!" he said, stopping and looking down at the little ragged bundle of hair. "You're not much shakes of a dog, are you?"

But Laddie was overpowered with delight at being noticed at all, and he wagged his tail so frantically that, if it had been possible to have shaken it off, he would certainly have parted with it, in the violence of his joy. He yelped in a perfect ecstasy of happiness, and tried to leap up and caress Jack's mittens with his little red tongue as if he had just been reunited to the dearest friend he had ever had.

"You're a jolly little fellow, anyhow," Jack said, stooping over and giving the dog a pat. Laddie regarded this as the formal token of his adoption, and, wriggling all over with delight, he vented his gratitude in short, sharp barks of delight.

Jack hadn't any dog, and he always regarded his companions who were the owners of canine pets as being exceedingly fortunate, so he resolved to keep this little dog if his mother would give him permission.

When he reached home, he begged a bone from the cook, and, after seeing the dog fairly started on his task of demolishing the meat and the bone as well, he went upstairs to find his mother and broach the subject of keeping the little stranger.

His mother was used to Jack's little stratagems, so when he came up stairs in the most decorous manner, neither walking up on the outside of the balustrades, nor coming up three steps at a time and announcing his approach by a series of blood-curdling war-whoops, she knew that Jack was on his best behavior, and probably had an unusual favor to ask.

She was sitting in the bay window sewing, and she smiled up at her boy over the great pile of stockings that she was darning. There were ever so many things that Jack thought about privately, though he never had spoken of them even to his mother. He had gone home with his friends often enough to know what sort of greetings other mothers gave their boys, and he contrasted them with his mother's loving smile and pleasant "Well, dear," which never failed, with a good deal of private satisfaction in the thought that he had the best mother of all.

"A fellow's lucky when he knows he won't get scalped if he comes in with muddy feet, or gets in the way when house-cleaning s going on, or bangs the door when there's company. 'Tisn't every fellow that's got a mother like mine, and I wouldn't trade with one of them."

Jack leaned over her and gave her the hug and kiss that he always brought home from school for her. That was another thing about his mother: it never tumbled her hair nor rumpled her collar to be hugged; and Jack never meant to outgrow loving his mother, no matter how old he was. It was worth while to love such a mother as he had.

"Mamsie, dear," he began, dropping down on the floor by her and burrowing around with his head till he found a cozy resting-place among the socks.

"Well, Jack, what is it?" she asked, encouragingly, laying down her needle to caress her boy's fair hair and push it back from his forehead, over which it had a little way of straying.

"Mamsie, don't you think it would be very nice if we had a watch-dog? It would be so much safer, you know."

His mother smiled.

"We hardly need one, Jack, dear, with all the new burglar-alarms that have just been put in the house."

"Well, don't you think I ought to have one for a pet?" he asked, feeling that his first argument had been rather ineffectual. "You see, boys and dogs seem to be just made for each other, and 'most all the boys have got dogs but me, and I want one so awfully much. Don't you think I might have one, mamma, if it didn't tear things up and chew up furs and rubbers and things, the way George Powell's dog does? Such a nice little dog came home with—"

Just here there was a pattering sound on the stairs, and the dog in question introduced himself. Mother was almost as fond of dogs as Jack himself, so it did not require very much persuasion to induce her to give permission for the dog to stay. She only stipulated that if an owner should come in search of him, Jack should give him up without being too much disappointed about it. And so the friendship began that strengthened each succeeding day. Laddie seemed to realize that Jack had saved him from the life of a homeless waif, and he could not do enough to show his gratitude and affection to his master, who never ill-used nor teased him, even in sport.

Jack soon grew to think that Laddie had no equal either for intelligence or beauty; but probably his love for his pet had a good deal to do with this opinion, for Laddie did not seem to be a marvel of beauty in any one else's eyes, although every one did admit that he was a very clever little dog.

Jack, by the exercise of a good deal of patience, taught him to perform several tricks, and he was very proud of

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Laddie's performances, and enjoyed showing them off to his friends.

Not very far from Jack's house there lived a boy, somewhat older than himself, who used to try Jack's temper very much whenever he passed that way, by ridiculing Laddie, and threatening various cruel tricks, which he declared his intention of executing upon the dog whenever he should get a chance.

He was a cruel boy, and Jack knew that he fully meant to carry out his threats, so he took good care that Laddie should not fall into Dan's hands. One day, as Jack and Laddie were on their way to the post-office, Dan Ellis was sitting on his gate-post, idly shying stones at birds or anything else that seemed likely to serve him for a target. When he saw Laddie trotting along at his master's heels, it occurred to him that this was too good a chance to tease Jack to pass unheeded. "Hello, Jack! what will you take for that bundle of rags?" he called out, as Jack came along. "What kind of a dog is he, anyhow? Looks as if he might be a bonesetter. I guess I'll try a shot at him!"

"Don't you dare!" exclaimed Jack, furiously, as Dan began to take deliberate aim at his pet.

"Who are you, to tell me not to dare?" answered Dan, mockingly, and, taking careful and deliberate aim, he threw the stone at poor Laddie. It struck his leg, and, with a howl of pain, he limped to Jack for protection, whining piteously. Jack had doubled his fists, and was about to vent his anger upon Dan in a very energetic fashion, when Laddie demanded his attention; so, taking up his dog in his arms, and shouting out promises of future vengeance upon Dan, he ran quickly homewards.

Straight to mother's room he went, as he did in all his boyish troubles, and she was as sympathetic as he could wish. There were tears in her eyes as poor Laddie curled up in her lap and looked up at her with his loving brown eyes full of pain and wistful questioning why she did not help him. Jack's father had just come in from his round of calls, for he was a doctor, and he at once examined the little patient.

Laddie's leg was broken, he pronounced, and he set it carefully and bandaged it up, while Jack watched the operation with tearful eyes. He could have borne any pain far better himself than to have heard Laddie's pitiful whine, and watch him wince with pain, when his leg was being bandaged. The appealing look in the velvety-brown eyes went to his heart.

"Never mind, Laddie, I'll pay him up for this. See if I don't!" he muttered, angrily, and in his dreams that night he was pursuing Dan to wreak vengeance upon him, until morning dawned.

Dan was not at his usual post by the gate that day when Jack went by on his way to school, and he smiled grimly as he looked up at the house to see if he could catch a glimpse of Dan at any of the windows. "He's afraid of me, old coward, is he? All right for him. He had better be afraid when I catch him. I'll give it to him well, so I will!" Three or four days passed by without Jack's seeing the boy he was watching for, and he was beginning to wonder where Dan was keeping himself, when the Doctor remarked one night at the tea-table:

"Well, Jack, that friend of yours has come to grief."

"Who, father?" asked Jack, eagerly.

"Dan Ellis," his father answered. "He is laid up with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and it will be some weeks before he gets out again."

"I'm glad of it. I am so!" exclaimed Jack, joyfully. "I hope he'll be just awful sick, and I don't care if—"

"Jack, dear," said his mother, gently; and Jack subsided into an uncomfortable silence, and ate the rest of his meal without speaking again. He liked to have his mother side with him in everything, and she had been so sorry for Laddie, and had sympathized so heartily with him in his distress at the accident, that he had hoped she would sympathize equally with him in his anger at Dan. Surely he deserved it. A boy who could do such a contemptible thing as to hurt a dog, a little dog like Laddie, too, whom he was not afraid of, did not deserve anything but contempt and hatred.

"I hate him, I do," he said to himself, very decidedly, as he finished his last bit of cake. "I couldn't be expected to do anything else, after the way he has treated Laddie. It's no use for mother to talk to me. I won't say anything more before her about it, but I won't be anything but glad that he is sick. I hope father will give him perfectly awful medicine. My, I wish I had the fixing of it!'" and Jack smiled as he thought what a dose he would prepare.

It was Friday evening, and after Jack had learned his lessons for the coming Monday, he studied his Sunday-school lessons, that he might have all the next day free. Jack always had his Sunday-school lessons as carefully prepared as he did his school lessons, and before he went up to bed he recited his Collect, Epistle, and Gospel to his mother quite perfectly.

It did not take him long to get ready for bed, and, turning out his light, he sprang in between the sheets with a bound. He had not lingered very long over his prayers. He did not like to say them when his heart was full of anger, and yet he did not want to give up his bitter feelings towards the boy who had hurt Laddie so maliciously. He heard the soft rustle of his mother's dress as she came up stairs, and he turned over and buried his face in the pillow with a groan. "I wish she wouldn't," he thought. "I just know she's going to say something about Dan, and it's no use. I hate him, and I am going to keep on hating him, and that is all there is about it."

Just then Laddie, who since his accident had been allowed the supreme delight of sleeping in Jack's room, whined in his sleep. Perhaps he was dreaming that the white cat next door was feasting on one of the bones he had buried under the rosebush.

That pitiful whine hardened Jack's heart, as he remembered how that stone had cut the poor little leg.

Puzzles

By Alice I. Hazeltine

A MULTIPLE DEFINITION

1. I am occupied by church-goers. 2. I am cared for by gardeners. 3. I am covered with memoranda. 4. I am worn by small children. 5. I am given to undesirable companions. 6. I am occupied by ships. 7. I destroy life and property in mountain regions. 8. I am often made by careless people. 9. I am observed by geologists.

TRANSPOSITIONS

A common fruit; behead and find a seed fed to small birds; rearrange the letters three times, and find to harvest, another fruit, to peel; change heads eight times and find uncovered, an animal, anxiety, to venture, uncommon, goods, traveling expenses, a weed; prefix a letter and find a fixed gaze; curtail and find a heavenly body; behead and find a sailor; rearrange the letters and find a small animal; rearrange again and find what inspires sculptors.

VERBAL AGES

1. A speculative age. 2. An idolater's age. 3. A debtor's age. 4. A brave man's age. 5. A driver's age. 6. A bride's age. 7. A ship's age. 8. A poor emigrant's age. 9. A nobleman's age. 10. A cannibal's age. 11. An added age. 12. A father's age. 13. A superintendent's age. 14. An age for a maxim. 15. An injurious age.

TWELVE HIDDEN WILD FLOWERS

By J. M. Cox

1. Come, take a walk through the meadow, sweet with new-mown hay.
2. Here's an old woman with butter and eggs to sell.
3. He has a bow and many arrows.
4. We can climb the fence if you take off the top bar, but use care in doing it.
5. Have you met with a disaster?
6. Prue and I are going over now.
7. All these people are my friends or relatives.
8. The robber said, when I met him in the lane, "Money or your life!"
9. The man with the torch is the leader of the procession.
10. She will be forever vain of her beauty, after that compliment.
11. The odor of that mint is pungent. I analyzed it yesterday.
12. That is a small owl hooting over there.

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For the Little People

Supposing

By Annie A. Preston

"Supposing, now, darling, that on Thanksgiving Day
You should find that Grandma the feast must delay,
Because the old turkey would hiss and protest
That sit it would not, without eggs in its nest.

"Suppose it should gobble, and turn blue and red,
'Quit!' in spite, at the cat who had eaten its head,
Reach out for its wings just hung up to dry,
And give a stout kick at the big chicken pie.

"Suppose, then, Old Speckle should call for a fan,
And, with the crust, fly away with the pan,
And her son and her daughter, tucked in at her side,
Should cackle and crow, 'We've escaped being fried!'

"Suppose the spare-rib should squeal and the roasts all should scold,
And pumpkins and squashes turn into real gold,
And apple and mince pie and pudding and cake
Should begin at once strange antics to take?"

"Supposing they should," lisped wise little May,
"Eating isn't all of Thanksgiving Day.
We should visit together and have a fine time,
And be thankful. Thank you for your Thanksgiving rhyme."

The Story of the Tinman

By Martha L. Sanford

Three little folks, Malcolm and his twin sisters Jean and Anne, were playing hide-and-seek among the trees which grew around their father's house. There were maples, oaks, and two or three pine-trees, but Jean liked best the larch-tree which stood near the gate. In the spring and early summer its green dress was so bright and feathery; and when the snow came and the green dress was laid aside, there were the tiny cones, strung like beads along its twigs, to look at and to think about. So Jean was almost sure to be hiding near the larch-tree.

There she was this bright morning, tucked in under the bench which was built around the tree-trunk. As she waited for Malcolm to find her she heard a man's voice, far away, calling something—she could not tell what. She listened, wondering what the man was saying.

It was not the man who drove the vegetable-cart through the street every morning, calling out, "Sweet potatoes, cranberries, celery, pie-apples!" She did not hear wheels or a horse's hoofs, either, so it could not be a wagon full of bananas or oranges which often passed along that way.

No; it was a man walking and carrying something in one hand. Just as she noticed that he had something on his back, too, a bright flash of light danced about her, and that told her who he was and what he said. It was the man who went from door to door calling aloud, "Tins to mend! tins to mend!" and making almost as good as new the kitchen pans and kettles which were useless because of tiny holes worn or rusted through the tin of which they were made.

Jean remembered hearing mamma say yesterday that she wished the tinman would come by, for the dipper had a little hole in it, and one of the milk-pans had two. Malcolm and Anne had heard the voice also, and Anne came skipping toward the gate as Jean crept out from her hiding-place under the bench; but Malcolm was running to the house.

In a moment he came back, and with him was mamma. While she told the man what she wished to have mended, the children stood beside her, looking at what he carried in his hand. But Jean looked also at the strange thing on the man's back, for from it had come the light which told her who he was, as he came toward the gate.

It was a wooden frame, made to fasten on the tinman's shoulders, and in it were sheets of shining tin, which, like a looking-glass, had sent the sunlight flashing into Jean's eyes. It danced around them now as they turned to walk toward the kitchen door—"Just like the light-birdie!" thought Jean.

Here the tinman set down his little stove or furnace, which was what the children had seen him carrying by its long curving handle, and slipped off the frame of tin sheets. While mamma was getting the dipper and the pan, he showed them the sheets of tin, so thin and cold, so smooth and stiff, and even let them, each one, make a light-bird on the side of the house.

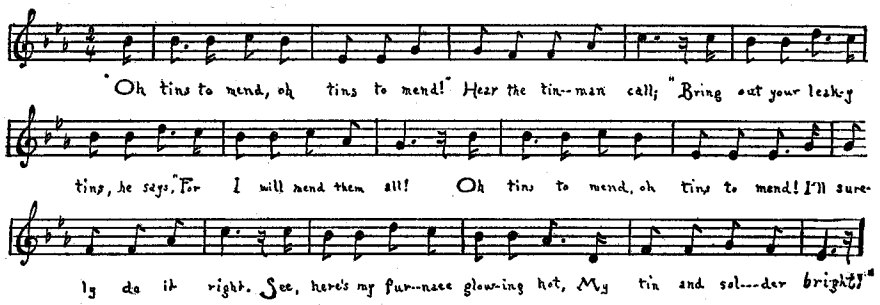
As he took the pan, he held it up toward the sky, and the children saw the tiny holes which let the milk run away. They seemed very little to work so much mischief, but, as Anne said, "One drop goes, and then another, and another, till it's all gone!"

Now came the real work, and the little folks asked many questions of the tinman. He showed them first his tinman's stove, as it is called, with its fire of charcoal inside. Then they looked at the bright bar of solder, which looked so much like silver, and the soldering iron, with its pointed tip and wooden handle, and the scrapers, and the box of rosin, and the bottle of something that looked like water. This last, they were told, is called soldering-fluid, and is made of zinc dissolved in hydrochloric acid. The children did not know what these strange words meant, till mamma reminded them of the large piece of zinc which covered the floor under the stove in the nursery, and of the way in which a lump of sugar quickly dissolved or melted away in the cups of cambric tea each one had on Sunday morning as a special treat. The other two words, hydrochloric acid, she said they would understand when they were older.

With one of his scrapers the tinman made clean and bright a little space around each hole, wet it with the soldering-fluid, and sprinkled on a little rosin, which looked like granulated sugar, except that it was yellow instead of white.

Then he touched the hot tip of the soldering-iron, which had been heating in the stove, first to the powdered rosin and then to the bar of solder, holding them so that a bright drop fell from the bar, first over one hole and then over the other. After smoothing and flattening the drops with the hot iron, he handed the mended pan to Malcolm to show to mamma, and took the dipper, which was soon made whole in the same way. While Anne took it to Katy, the cook, Jean ran upstairs to mamma for the money to pay the tinman for his work. Then the children walked to the gate with him and stood watching him till he turned the corner out of sight.

After tea that evening Malcolm and Jean and Anne had a long story to tell papa of the tinman, and the way he mended Katy's pan and dipper. After it was ended, mamma said, "Now listen to me! I have a story to sing you;" and here it is, with the music, just as she sang it to the three children and papa:


"Oh tins to mend, oh tins to mend!" Hear the tin-man call; "Bring out your leaky
tins, he says, "For I will mend them all! Oh tins to mend, oh tins to mend! I'll sure-
ly do it right. See, here's my fur-nace glow-ing hot, My tin and sol-der bright!"

"Oh, tins to mend! oh, tins to mend!"
Tinman calls once more;
"I've all my tools to do it well,
As I stand at your door.
Oh, tins to mend! oh, tins to mend!
Oh, how's your saucepan, say?
Tin pans, tin pails, teakettles, too,
I'll mend them all to-day."

"Oh, tins to mend! oh, tins to mend!"
Leaving us behind,
We hear him calling down the street,
Some other work to find.
"Oh, tins to mend! oh, tins to mend!"
Do come again this way.
We'll give you work, and pay you well,
So come some other day.[1]

MARTHA L. SANFORD.

The Prince and the Jockey

We are constantly hearing amusing stories about the several members of the royal families in Europe. It is hard for Americans to realize, especially young Americans, that kings and queens and princes look and act very much like other educated and well-trained people. Among the many democratic princes abroad is the Crown Prince of Denmark. He is very fond of taking long walks alone, and of sitting down in the most unpretentious way and talking with any man who interests him in these walks, and who seems to have time at his disposal. Recently he was talking with one of the toll-keepers on one of the roads, when there came riding up to the toll-gate an American jockey known as "Texas Jack." This man did not know that he had to pay toll, so the keeper was compelled to catch his horse by the bridle, and as he could not speak English, of course the rider did not understand him, and attempted to push him away. The Crown Prince, who was able to speak English, stepped up and explained the situation. The rider then pulled out a coin that was a little more than twice as much as the amount of the toll. The Prince attempted to give him his change, but with a wave of his whip he told the Prince to keep it. The next day the Crown Prince was present at the races, and among the competitors was "Texas Jack." Etiquette demanded that each rider should salute the royal pavilion, and "Texas Jack" rode up in front of it to make the customary obeisance to the King, but he almost fell from the saddle when he saw standing beside the King the man to whom he had paid a fee the day before on the public road, and recognized that he was the Crown Prince of Denmark; but the Prince was a gentleman, and greeted the rider most heartily, putting him entirely at his ease.

An Example

A teacher of a Virginia district school recently asked one of her little colored pupils to go to the blackboard and write a sentence thereon containing the word "delight."

George Washington Jackson went pompously to the front of the room and wrote, in a large, scrawling hand, these words:

"De wind blowed so hard dat it put out de light."—*Harper's Young People.*

[1] The music given above is the air of a guitar-song, I believe, but I am unable to trace it. No infringement of copyright is intended in its use here.

M. L. S.

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Sunday Afternoon

The Hidden Life[1]

By Lyman Abbott

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.—Colossians iii., 3, 4.

There is an outer life which we observe, and there is an inner life of which we are conscious, and there is an innermost life which lies back of even consciousness. There is the life of word and deed, of expression by voice or by hand, and that is the life with which we are most familiar; that is the life in which we impinge upon one another; that is the life which we see in others, and which perhaps we most see in ourselves. Back of that is an inner life of which we are conscious—a thought which we look at, an emotion which we recognize, a motive which we perceive, guided and inspired by which we take our action. But back of that is the deepest life of all, out of which come the thoughts and the emotions; and that life, deepest of all, we are not conscious of, save as it breaks into consciousness, first in the inner and then in the outer life.

One learns to read music. First he takes his book and opens it and reads the notes. Presently he has learned the tune, and then he sings it without the book; but he sees before his mind's eye the notes which were before in the presence of his physical eye, and still he is singing by note; but by and by he becomes so familiar with that tune that he is not at all conscious of seeing the note either with the eye or with the imagination; he sees nothing; he simply expresses the emotion within him by that which has gone down into the sub-consciousness; he can no longer be said to sing either by the note or even by the memory, for he does not remember the notes; he sings as the bird sings, without seeing. Or he learns a piece of poetry; reads it first, and then, as he recites it, consciously calls up word by word and sees it still with a mental vision; but by and by the song of his childhood comes to be so wrought in his memory that in his old age, repeating it, he no longer recalls it; it springs out of his unconsciousness without an effort to recall.

I stood by the dying bed of an aged saint, who had been to me as one of my two or three mothers, and I tried to repeat to her the Twenty-third Psalm, and I kept breaking down and forgetting it, and then, as the words dropped out of my mind and I tried consciously to recall them, she, passing out of consciousness into the dim, shadowy land of her unconsciousness, caught up the words and prompted me. The Twenty-third Psalm was not any longer written in her memory; it was written way down in this sub-conscious soul of hers, and broke into consciousness at my suggestion.

You meet a friend; it is a long time since you have seen him; you say, I know him—where was it I saw him? you try to recall his name; at last it comes to you. It is the result of a conscious volition. But you do not have to recall the name of your wife or child; when you go down to breakfast and the little girl runs up to you, you do not have to stop and think who she is; her name is written down beneath the conscious line, and springs into action instantly without volition.

So we all have this hidden life—hidden from others, hidden from ourselves. We do not know what it is, and yet out of it spring all recollection, all thought, all memories, all volitions, all emotions; all things come from this secret, sub-conscious life, as all fruits and flowers from the secret, hidden seeds in the soil.

We do not know what we are, because we do not know what this hidden life is.

It is this sub-conscious life that is really the secret of all life. It is this sub-conscious life that makes the difference between culture and learning; between the scholarship that is culture and the scholarship that is mere learning. The man whose scholarship consists only in this, that he remembers the things he has read and can tell you where they are by volume and page, is not the true scholar. The greater scholar is he into whom that scholarship has so wrought itself that it springs out from his lips, springs out from his thought, and he knows not whence it has come. The greatest judge that I ever personally knew, one of the most eminent members of the judiciary that this State has ever witnessed, rarely cited an authority, and I do not think he knew many—that is, not by volume and page: the principles of law had been wrought into him; he decided the great questions submitted to him according to principles which had become a part of his judicial nature; but he was very rarely overruled.

We hear one musician; she plays with wonderful skill, but we do not care for her music; we hear another musician; she does not play so accurately, and we care very much for her music. What is the reason? You have seen, perhaps, the curious piano so constructed that you can put a score of music inside and touch a spring, and the piano will itself play the score. There are some musicians that simply do that; the music comes through the brain, the arm, the finger, but it never comes into the sub-conscious life. When Paderewski plays, there is a Paderewski as well as a Schumann in the playing; the Schumann, the Beethoven, has entered into his life; he himself has felt the pulsation of it, and all his nature has been quickened and enriched by it, and then out of a soul that possesses the music, the music pours forth, and our souls are played upon because that music is deep in the musician and touches the deepest springs in us.

No study of the art of expression ever made an orator, nor ever will. No elocutionist, no instruction in gesture, no education in rhetoric, can ever make an orator. First in the orator must be the deep life that he himself is unconscious of; down below all things that he has remembered, all things that he knows, all that he thinks, all impulses that he is conscious of, there must be this reservoir of experience, and out of that there will spring the life. The better he knows how to express it, the better orator he will be. All elocution, all rhetoric, all gesture, may come into play and be servant, but if that sub-conscious life is wanting, he has nothing to express, and the art of expression is useless. This is why the longer experience a man has in speaking the harder it becomes for him. I heard Senator Hoar once say that it was a great deal harder for him to make a public speech now than it was when he was a sophomore in college. Strange! Not at all. Because the thoughts that are in the man of sixty have gotten below the memory; they have gone down below the consciousness; they lie deep in the soul, and he does not know where to find them; and yet, when the occasion comes, when the eyes are fixed on him, when the audience is stirring his heart, he draws unconsciously on the secret reservoir within him, but which he did not know was within him. So every time he comes trembling before the audience, and every day dreads more to speak.

There is a hidden life in all of us, and it makes us what we are. It is this hidden life that chisels the face, that puts the strange expression on it. The hidden life of sensuality marks the line on the outer life. The man may never have indulged in sensuality, he may have been held back from sensuality by fear; but if, deep down in his heart, there is the sensual nature, the sensual nature shows itself in his face. You know that. You women know it, at all events. You have seen men whom you would not care to travel alone with in a car, and yet you know nothing against them save what is written in their faces. And, on the other hand, there are some faces that carry in their lines a benediction, a blessing, a peace. They do not know it. You cannot say their faces are beautiful—put them in marble and you do not care for them—but the soul shines through. This is the secret of those strange attractions and repulsions which we all sometimes feel. We come into the presence of one man and we are instinctively repelled; we try to put the feeling away as a prejudice, but we cannot; we come into the presence of another man, and we are drawn to him, we know not why, and yet we are drawn to him. It is not all prejudice; the intu-

[1] Sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, October 27. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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itive soul of one perceives the secret soul of the other. Women and children, it is often said, are good judges of human nature. They do not discriminate, they do not analyze; they cannot tell you why, but they are sensitive, and their nature responds to the sub-conscious life of those with whom they come in contact.

Now, it is possible to have this sub-conscious life, this hidden life, molded by Christ, by God. And this is the highest type of Christian experience. It is when this hidden sub-conscious life lays hold of truth, and truth lays hold of it, that creeds pass into faiths. The difference between a belief and a faith is this: A belief is something still external to me. Is there a God? Yes, I believe there is a God, but still God is outside of me, and I so think of him. Is there a God? This is no longer a question; God has entered into my very soul; he is a part of my sub-conscious life; even if I try to get rid of him I cannot; he is woven into the very structure of my being. My belief is no longer a belief, it is a faith. The man who gives a reason for his faith is by no means always the one who has the strongest faith. There are many Christians like the old sainted lady who replied to her nephew just home from college when he said, "Aunt Sally, how do you know there is a God?" "Why—why—why—I *know* there is a God." God was not outside of her at all; he was no longer something external, to be looked upon, reasoned about, argued concerning; he had entered into her sub-conscious life, and just because she could not give the reason of her faith her faith was deep. The deepest faith is the faith that enters into the life that is below the line of argument, below all questioning.

So our moral life is deepest and best when it comes below conscious volition; when we do what we do, not because we try, but because we cannot help it. When the boy says to the mother, "I did not think," the mother does not know exactly how to answer the excuse, but the real answer is this: No child has come to perfectness of nature until he does right when he does not think. So long as you have to stop and think to do right, you are very imperfectly educated. Two boys were going up the stairs of a Cincinnati factory; there was a pail of naphtha on the landing; one boy threw his lighted cigarette into the pail, thinking it water; there was a flash of upleaping flame; one of the boys ran down the stairs into the street to escape; the other boy ran up the stairs to warn women who were working there, that they might escape. Neither boy thought; each boy acted instinctively; one boy was a coward in his sub-conscious life, the other boy was a hero in his sub-conscious life, and neither of them knew it. We are not what we try to be, we are not what we think we are, we are what we are down below the line of our thought, below our conscious life-purposes.

This is the real secret of the highest life. It is not to be a Christian Endeavorer—to be always endeavoring. It is so to endeavor that by and by you will live below the line of endeavor, and life will flow spontaneously out of this hidden life with Christ in God. This is what the Bible means by saying we must be born again. It is not enough to make good resolutions, to live a life ruled by resolutions, a life regulated righteously; it is needful to have God within us, God working out character in us below all lines of conscious volition, that the very germs of being, the hidden seeds of life, may be transformed and made divine.

In that hidden life is the secret of all peace and all the highest happiness. The secret of peace is not an external life, in conformity with our inclinations, our tastes, our wishes; it is not a life free from storm and tempest; if it were, you would not have found such expressions of peace in the Psalms of David. What man ever lived a more tempestuous life than he? You would not have found them in the Epistles of Paul. What man lived a more tempestuous life than Paul? No! you must go deeper for the secret of peace. Did you that have been accustomed for years to worship in Plymouth Church ever hear sweeter or more sacred expressions of peace from this pulpit than in the time when he who stood here was put upon and hounded and pursued and vilified? The secret of peace is a hidden life that is at one with God. It is a sub-conscious life so attuned with God that all external things pass by and are as nothing. A friend told me yesterday that, he himself being on a smaller ocean steamer, he saw the steamer Campania going by in a raging storm; the wind was howling, and the waves were running high, and the Campania, her passengers all below, and her decks all battened down, was paying no attention to the waves, but was going right along, and every wave swept her from stem to stern, and she never even shook them off or seemed to care for them. That is the way a man may sail through life; not riding on the top of the wave, but running through the wave, being even below the wave-line, knowing nothing of it; because deep down in his nature is the hidden life, which is always at peace, because it is always at one with God.

And this is the secret of the greatest power. It is true that if this hidden life be divine it will utter itself in divine utterances; it is true that no man can retire to his cell, his monastery, his place in the woods, and say, Now I will be devout and let the world go to ruin. That is not being one with Christ, who came into the world and went to work for the lost and the suffering. It is true, also, that by this outer life you may gradually, little by little, build up an inner life; that every deed may help to make habit, and every habit a principle wrought into the fabric of your being. One sits at a loom with the threads before he weaves them into the pattern. So we sit in life and take up our isolated deeds and our isolated wills and our isolated purposes, but not until they are woven into the fabric and become a part of our life are they really ourselves. Not what thread we hold in our hand, but what thread we have woven into our character, makes the man. But the secret of power is the hidden life.

Last Sunday morning I urged you to Christian activity. This Sunday morning I want to say, in closing, one word to those who cannot take up Christian activity, whose hands can no longer hold the plow, whose hands can no longer hold even the reins, who can simply sit and look. If the hidden life which God has wrought in your soul be a life of purity, truth, righteousness, peace, you are doing most of all. In the dry time one takes his watering-pot and goes out, and, with great labor, waters flower after flower in the garden. But if he lives under the shadow of the Colorado mountains, he simply attaches his hose to the water that comes running down the mountain-side from reservoirs which men have built there, and the sprinkler does the work. Such are the saints who are reservoirs of spiritual force. They do not think they are doing anything; they may even think they are living beyond their time; they are placid, quiet, inactive. They are the reservoirs of God's hidden life. They supply us all. We are richer, we are diviner, every time we look in their faces. Their prayers buoy us up; their life makes us live. Blessed, blessed is he who can say, My life is hid with Christ in God.

An Urgent Need

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your readers are not unacquainted with the work which the Tenement-House Chapter of the King's Daughters and Sons is doing in the lower part of this city. The generous answer made to our appeal through the newspapers in the spring enabled us to carry on for the fourth successive year our work as aids to the summer corps of physicians of the Board of Health, bringing into every home to which they summoned us all the succor of trained nursing and sick-room comforts that each case might require. We sent to the country for a two-weeks' outing 199 children and 31 women and girls, with whom no church or other charity was acquainted, and by the co-operation of The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund and other benevolent agencies 610 women and children, equally unknown, were sent on day excursions; 32 were sent to hospitals and homes in the country, and regular work was found in several cases.

We now stand on the threshold of winter, with an exhausted treasury. In many homes to which desperate illness gained us our first entry, the essential work is only begun. Faithful ministry has won for us the confidence of the sufferers; we must

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make the most of that confidence to build up these families in self-support and make of them desirable members of our community. By our kindergarten, boys' and girls' clubs, sewing-schools, happy Sundays, children's reading-rooms, Penny Provident Fund, mothers' meetings, and by the personal influence of our friendly visitors, we may hope to do very much. The experience of past years warrants this hope. But we have no fund, nor any means of paying the rent of our headquarters and carrying on all these agencies, except as the public make us their almoners. Thanksgiving Day is approaching. As a community we have this year especial cause for thankfulness, especial reason for looking forward to a brighter future. Shall not this thankfulness, this hope, find expression in bountiful contributions for the support of works that aim directly at the betterment of those who form the lowest stratum of our social fabric? It would be possible to tell many a thrilling story of good done through the contributions of generous-hearted people to the Tenement-House Chapter, but it is not necessary.

Enough to say, here are urgent needs, here is all the machinery for meeting them in the most efficient way. We ask for the money which is needed to keep the machinery going.

JACOB A. RIIS.
LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

77 Madison Street, New York City.

Books and Authors

The English Lakes[1]

Canon Rawnsley's delightful volumes have but two salient faults: their author persists in giving Crabb (Robinson), Humphry (Davy), and Whately an unnecessary "e," and he will send out for too many imaginary strolls together men who never saw each other. Canon Rawnsley's style is loose whenever he tries to make Thomas Gray chum with Thomas Carlyle. Between those two worthies what a host have made the Lake Country famous by residences permanent or temporary! "The English Lakes" is a work of moment to every traveler who would enjoy the scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and to every lover of English literature. Perhaps nowhere is there such a bit of territory, twenty miles across, so crowded with memories. What a setting Skiddaw and the rest made for the poets! Has any one ever regarded those gentle English mountains with indifference, save that gentlest of men, the London-loving Charles Lamb, when he wrote:

> Streets, streets, streets, markets, theaters, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at night, pastry-cooks' and silversmiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire, and stop thief; inns of court with their learned air, and halls and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old bookstalls, "Jeremy Taylors," "Burtons on Melancholy," and "Religio Medicis" on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London! with-the-many-sins. O city, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!

But by and by he paid Coleridge and Wordsworth a visit, and when he went back to town he wrote: "I feel that I shall remember your mountains to the last day that I live. They haunt me perpetually. I am like a man who has been falling in love, unknown to himself, which he finds out when he leaves the lady."

Of all the "Lakers," Southey pleases Canon Rawnsley most. We read: "Such was this lofty scholar, this humble, childlike doer of each day's work to the full reach of his power; this encyclopædia of learning; this grave thinker; this poet of his time." And it is Southey who, with Coleridge, makes Keswick Vale so impressive that, with the latter poet, we repeat:

> With light
> And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
> Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
> And grateful that, by nature's quietness
> And solitary musings, all my heart
> Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
> Love, and the thought that yearns for human kind.

Yet, as our author says, Coleridge's chief delight in thinking of Nether Stowey must have been that there he became acquainted with Wordsworth, who then resided at Alfoxden hard by. "Whose society," he tells us, "I found an invaluable blessing, and to whom I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, or a man." From Keswick a good road leads to Grasmere, the most sacred spot in the Lakes, for here, in the silence of Rydal woods and of Rydal Water, we may think as nowhere else on one of the half-dozen greatest poets in our language. Here we may talk with the old yeomen and peasants who remember him. This is what one of them told Canon Rawnsley: "Turble fond o' study ont' rwoads, specially at night time, and wi' a girt voice bumming awaay fit to flayte aw the childer to death ameaast—not but that Miss Dorothy did best part o' pitting his potry togidder. He let it fa', and she cam after and gathered it oop fur him, ye kna. Quite yan o' us, ye kna; not a bit o' pride in him for ot quality thowte o' warld on 'im. But he wasn't a man as was thowte a deal o' for his potry when he was hereabout."

The Lake Country is full of a beloved and ghostly company. There are the Shelleys at Chestnut Hill, though we really see only the few trim little beds with their old-fashioned box-edgings and their tiny paths. What a contrast between those early doll-days and the bitter later ones! From the northern Bassenthwaite where those two college friends, Alfred Tennyson and "Old Fitz" (as they called the translator of Omar Khayyám), were wont to stay with James Spedding, to southern Bowness on Windermere, where Sir Walter and Lockhart visited the "girt yallerhaired Christopher North," to whom came other rare folk (De Quincey and Charles Lloyd and Wordsworth and Dorothy and "Lile Hartley"), the lakes are not only memorable in themselves, but far more on account of those who loved them and dwelt by them. We climb with our good guide up Orrest Head and look down upon the "romance of nature" which the Professor of Elleray adored. We fare towards Ambleside, past Low-wood where Mrs. Gaskell met Charlotte Brontë. At Ambleside we remember Frederick William Faber and Crabb Robinson, and we see the house, built by herself, where for the last thirty years of her life dwelt Harriet Martineau. We recall Emerson's visit to her and to Wordsworth. We push on to Wythburn, where Frederick Myers preached, and so come again to Derwentwater. Who would not walk where Arnold walked and lived, at ivy-grown Fox How, amongst his boys, Thomas, William, and Matthew, and Matthew's friends the two Arthurs, Dean Stanley and Arthur Hugh Clough. In Fox Ghyll, close by, for many years Matthew's eldest sister encouraged her distinguished husband, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, in his energetic Parliamentary labors. Not far off is Loughrigge Holme, where the poet Edward Quillinan brought as his wife Dora, Wordsworth's only daughter; and the homes of Dalton and Otley and William Smith are in the neighborhood. What mountain excursions those friends used to have! Who would not climb the Gavel? Let us take for a companion Carlyle, who wrote there, "A murmur of eternity and immensity, of Death and of Life, stole through his soul; and he felt as if Death and Life were one; as if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendor, and his own spirit were therewith holding communion."

Above all, who does not wish to seek the forest Brantwood, honored wherever the English language is spoken? Hither came the ex-errand-boy grown poet, Gerald Massey. And here lives the greatest surviving master of English, preacher, poet, philosopher. Hear him: "The first thing which I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the mossy roots over the crag, into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since." From the Lake Country he thus drew his earliest strength; and no landscape of England or Italy

[1] *Literary Associations of the English Lakes.* By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Macmillan & Co., New York. 2 Vols. With Map. $2.

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has ever effaced that memory. To the Lake Country he returns, and in that sure retreat overlooking the tranquil waters and the quiet vales the prophet passes the evening of his long day.

Suess's "Future of Silver"[1]

The most important of recent works on the silver question is placed within reach of English readers by the direction of Chairman Voorhees and the Senate Committee on Finance. The publication of Suess's "Future of Silver" by the Government Printing-Office pays the public in advance for the next hundred of useless documents it shall publish. The volume, though written by a German professor, has an attractive style, and the translation (which, for a time, is to be had for the asking) ought to make as profound an impression upon popular thought in this country as the original made upon scientific thought in Europe.

The predictions of geologists regarding the future of the precious metals are entitled to the respectful consideration of even those who most distrust expert testimony. A generation ago, when the annual product of gold suddenly trebled, equaling that of silver, and then trebled again, producing among the creditor classes the widespread demand that gold be demonetized, distinguished geologists pointed out that the history of gold-production forbade the supposition that these increases could be sustained. In less than twenty years their forecast was realized, and the creditors' fear of cheap gold was replaced by the fear of cheap silver. When silver now began to be demonetized, Professor Suess wrote his volume on "The Future of Gold," showing that geologic indications pointed to a future scarcity of that metal, which would make the extension of the gold standard to all civilized nations impossible or disastrous. The events of the last twenty years have fully confirmed these anticipations, and the predictions of Professor Suess in the present volume are based upon historical facts which all can understand, rather than upon geologic deductions which only specialists can follow. Professor Suess shows how in every country the profitable deposits of gold have been near the earth's surface, and, therefore, new fields have in a few years begun to show signs of exhaustion. In California the gold product between '48 and '53 rose rapidly from nothing to $60,000,000 a year; in 1874 it for the last time reached $20,000,000. In Victoria the gold product in '51 was 200,000 ounces; the next year it reached 2,000,000 ounces, and four years later it exceeded 3,000,000 ounces ($60,000,000). In 1890 it had fallen to one-fifth of this maximum. In Russia the gold product did not reach its maximum until fifteen years ago, and since that time has very nearly held its own. But the center of gold-production in Russia has steadily moved eastward. First it was in the Ural, then on the Yenisei, then on the Olenek. "At the present day the hopes for a future rise in the output are centered on the Ameer. . . . 'The sea is set as a barrier to the further migration of the production of gold.'" The only quarter of the globe in which the production of gold is increasing is in the newly discovered fields of South Africa, and even there it is already obvious that, while "the whole output indeed rises, . . . the fertility of the ore declines." The uniformity of these historical experiences is not due to any peculiarities of the Californian, Australian, Russian, and African fields, but to the universal geologic laws governing gold deposits. While silver can be mined at a profit in the depths of the earth, the profitable mining of gold is confined to the earth's surface. Once that has been explored, gold becomes scarcer and costlier to mine. So rapid during the last half-century has been the exhaustion of new fields, and so difficult does the mining of gold become when these fields have once been exploited, that Professor Suess is convinced that gold cannot in the future supply the currency needs of the world. The industrial demand for gold, he points out, "increases from year to year with the increase of well-being. We have either already reached the day, or approached very close to it, when mining will yield less than industry consumes." It is, therefore, he concludes, no longer a question whether silver will again become a full coinage metal. If a metallic currency continues to be used, silver must become "the standard metal of the earth."

Such, in brief, is the reasoning of this book. It is possible, of course, that the discovery of new gold-fields in the heart of Africa may postpone the day of lessened gold-production; it is possible that greatly improved processes may make practicable the extraction of gold from fields now seemingly exhausted. But the conclusion seems irresistible that the production of gold is not likely to keep pace with the production of other forms of wealth, and that the value of money must go on increasing with still greater rapidity if gold alone remains the source of new supplies. It is, of course, the business of legislators to remedy present evils rather than to avert predicted ones. Yet the judgment of this great geologist, that present evils are likely to increase if gold monometallism is continued, makes yet more imperative the duty to right the wrong which the demonetization of silver inflicted.

[1] *The Future of Silver*. By Edward Suess, Professor of Geology in the University of Vienna. Translated by Robert Stein. Government Printing-Office. (Senate Mis. Doc. No. 95. Fifty-third Congress, First Session.)

Mr. Edmund Cooke's *A Patch of Pansies* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is perhaps the most liberally dedicated book of verse in the market. On the first page we read:

To Forrest Morgan, of Hartford, Conn.
Editor, Littérateur, Critic, Friend, to whose able words
and kind acts I have so often been indebted,
I inscribe these most thoughtful
Of my verses.

On page 15 we read:

To that woman of women,
My Mother,
I dedicate these love-verses,
and through her I greet my many other women friends,
far and near, old and young.

On page 31 we read:

To Bradley H. Phillips, of Buffalo, N. Y.
'Tis not alone I love *you* well, dear Bradley,
Induces me to pen these lines to you,
For these same lines must tell (although so badly)
A hundred friends I love them as I do.
There's Newton, Robert, Harry—very gladly
I'd put the hundred here (if this were guerdon),
But, faith! the names would crowd each other sadly,
So let your senior friendship bear the burden.

On page 51 we read:

To Morris R. Hughes, of Cleveland, Ohio.
A model man of business, a wise counselor, and an evergenial friend, and to my other former office
associates, almost brothers, I cordially
dedicate the verses following.

And on page 71 we read:

To Herbert Wilbur Porter,
"Our Baby,"
and to all his fellows who are growing up to-day to make
the world greater and better to-morrow.

If there are any others left of Mr. Cooke's relatives or friends, what must their feelings be to be left unhonored by one of such catholic generosity! The verses are mostly trivial. Some are not, however; for instance, this:

"Aufwiederseh'n."

Kind word of hope, "Aufwiederseh'n,"
Reminding we shall meet again!
I would thy constant spell could bless
Each fading, fleeting happiness,
Like loyal, loving lips, which press
And only part to re-caress.

The sun sinks down, and all is night,
But, lo! in heaven's awesome height
His splendors in the stars remain
As Nature's grand "Aufwiederseh'n."

So would I have thy presence lend
Its solace, even to the end;
And when one passes, pray detain
The thought of those who still remain
And rob the parting of its pain,
With thy sweet hope, "Aufwiederseh'n."

From Wisdom Court, by Henry Seton Merriman and Stephen G. Tallentyre (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is a book of the authors' reflections on matrimony, the post-card, the sea, visitors, luck, unselfishness, good works, love, the music-stool, purpose, girl, Sunday morning, meals, heart, sleep, societies, language, learning, our own business, pleasure, our birthplace, dogs, being engaged, letters, church, courage, honor, and glory. These

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reflections are not in that minor key so much in vogue and often so tempting. Messrs. Merriman and Tallentyre seem to be men of health and sanity; at least they put health and sanity into their book. The illustrations are excellent, especially the Egyptian caricature on page 135. The authors' style is easy and natural, and the words seem actually to be their spoken reveries without any polishing at the writing-table. For example:

> As existence in this vale is more or less a matter of endurance from first to last, this species of courage is more important, in the long run, than any other. We are of opinion that women possess it in a higher degree than men. We each have experience of one man in the smaller drawbacks of daily existence, and we say without hesitation that some of our sex cannot endure at all. They are impatient and unreasonable. If one puts on another's only pair of winter socks by mistake on a cold morning, will the owner of the socks put up with a little discomfort? Will he endure the slight drawback of summer socks for the sake of his friend? Not he. It does not matter whether the offender's boots be laced up or not. . . . If one man's soul hankers after music which his fingers cannot satisfactorily accomplish on, say, the violin, will the other endure the long hours of endeavor with a smiling countenance? Not he. He will say: "Something that fiddle! Put it away, or I shall light my old meerschaum and make you ill."

We are glad to welcome *The Comprehensive Concordance to the Holy Scriptures*, by the Rev. J. B. R. Walker. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston.) We cannot serve the reader better than by gathering from the title-page and the introduction a description of the work. On the title-page it is described as "A Practical, Convenient, Accurate Text-finder. Unessential words omitted; all serviceable words retained. Only one alphabet for all words, including proper names. Proper names accented. Fifty thousand more references than in Cruden." The introduction by Dr. Hazard points out some additional characteristics of the Concordance:

(1) It is a concordance simply, not a commentary or dictionary.
(2) It is rigidly alphabetical.
(3) Under alphabetical heads the passages follow a strict Biblical order.
(4) Insignificant words, such as articles and conjunctions, are omitted.
(5) The Concordance is a compact and handy octavo, and is cheap.

Dr. Hazard gives a pathetic account of the labors of the author and his death, due to intense application, prolonged often into unseasonable and unreasonable hours. The test of such a concordance is practical use of it. We should have preferred a little larger type, even though it involved a little larger volume, but the arrangement is admirable, and any one familiar with Cruden must realize the need of a new concordance. The larger concordances of Dr. Young and of Dr. Strong are valuable—the first one especially to the English student who desires to get the different shades of meaning involved in different Greek and Hebrew words rendered not always accurately by the same English word—but neither of them takes the place of a compact and handy volume such as this one is. It is our impression that Walker will occupy the position in ministers' libraries in the future heretofore occupied by Cruden.

Dr. H. Clay Trumbull is recognized as an able archæologist and a helpful expounder of the Bible. His contributions to the science of comparative religion have been considerable in extent and significance. His latest book is *Studies in Oriental Social Life, and Gleams from the East on the Sacred Page*. (John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.) The volume is filled with the curiosities of folk-custom ceremonies and folk-lore, and to the student of anthropology it is of extreme interest. There is much that is not new, but the presence of familiar material is necessary to render the account complete. The book has chapters on Betrothals and Marriages, Hospitality, Funerals and Mourning, Roads and Traveling in the East, the Oriental Idea of the "Father," Prayers and Praying, Food in the Desert, Calls for Healing, Gold and Silver in the Desert, Jacob's Well, the Samaritan Passover, and the Lessons of the Wilderness. There are many pictures and two full indexes. This work will be found to contain many illustrations of accounts in the Bible; therefore the pastor and Bible-class teacher will find it useful. It is indeed a useful book, but it will not add materially to its author's reputation, because it appeals to the average reader and not to the scholar.

A valuable publication is the *Interest Table at Five Per Cent. Per Annum*, compiled by Mr. Edward F. Myers. (Arthur Mountain & Co., New York.) It gives interest on all sums from one dollar to ten thousand dollars, from one to thirty-one days, and is computed for three hundred and sixty-five days per annum by days. The book is made all the more necessary by the growing method of computing interest on daily balances, in preference to the more cumbrous system of calculating it on each item. Modern methods are also in favor of a uniform rate for the computation of interest. The table contains but two leaves. It is printed in clear type, and is mounted on boards. Thus its durability as well as its timeliness should appeal to all accountants.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's first American story is soon to appear.

—"Anthony Hope" (Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins) has written a new novel called "Chronicles of Count Antonio."

—Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, the son of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, has written a play, "Napoleon," for Mr. Richard Mansfield.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie have again left Kirriemuir for Italy, and it is feared that Mr. Barrie's health will not permit him again to winter in the North.

—The "discoverer" of Mr. S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Stickit Minister," is popularly supposed to have been the late Rev. W. H. Wylie, the founder of the Glasgow "Christian Leader." Mr. Crockett, who is a Free-Church minister at Penicuick, near Edinburgh, was for many years a prominent contributor to the "Leader."

—Mr. J. T. Trowbridge gives the following testimony to the alertness of Dr. Holmes's brain: "On afternoon some years ago," he says, "I chanced to call upon Mr. Longfellow just after he had received a visit from the Doctor. 'What a delightful man he is!' said he. 'But he has left me, as he generally does, with a headache.' When I inquired how that came about, he replied: 'The movement of his mind is so much more rapid than mine that I often find it difficult to follow him, and if I keep up the strain for any length of time a headache is the usual penalty.'"

—"Oliver Optic" (Mr. William T. Adams) is now seventy-three years old. He has lived in Dorchester, near Boston, for thirty years, during which time he has written a hundred and twenty-six books and a thousand newspaper stories. "Some time before the war," he says, "there was a play at the Museum in which there was a burlesque character named Dr. Optics. The name struck me as appropriate, and to some doggerel verses which I wrote shortly after for a weekly society paper I signed the name Oliver Optic, M.D., Member of the Mutual Admiration Society. I then applied the name to books, which had a great sale. I had gotten tired of the name, and asked Mr. Lee, my publisher, if we couldn't get rid of it. No, he could not think of that, it had become too popular. My assumed name had gotten the start of me, and I had to hang to it."

—The Maeterlinck dramas do not seem to have borne out the estimate pronounced upon them by M. Octave Mirbeau, who said of "La Princesse Maleine" that "it is superior in beauty to the most beautiful things in Shakespeare, more tragic than 'Macbeth' and more thoughtful than 'Hamlet.'" The following excerpt from the translation of "Pelléas and Mélisande" may serve as an example:

> "Open the door! Open the door!" "Who is there? Why did you wake me? Use the side doors, use the side doors." "We have to wash the sill, the door, and the steps. Open it for us! Open it." "There is to be a great festival. Quick, open the door!" "Oh, open it, open it!" "Be patient! Be patient! I know not whether I can open it." "It is light enough outside. I see the sun through the chinks." "Here are the great keys! Oh! how the locks and bolts grate! Help me start them." "We are pulling, we are pulling now." "It will not open." "Ah! it is beginning to move! It moves a little!" "How it creaks, how it creaks!" "Oh! how light it is already out-of-doors!" "The sun is rising over the sea." "At last it is open. It is wide open!" "I am going to clean the sill at once." "Bring water! Bring water!" "Yes, yes; pour the water over it, pour the water over it! If you should pour all the water of the Deluge you would never accomplish your task."
>
> At the end of the first act they get the door open.

—In "McClure's Magazine" for November Mr. Robert Barr enjoys this racy "real conversation" with Dr. Conan Doyle:

> *Barr.* But there is Mr. Howells, who has no English ax to grind, and he, from the calm, serene, unprejudiced atmosphere of New York, frankly admits that literature in England is a thing of the past, and that the authors of to-day do not understand even the rudiments of their business. Of course you agree with him?
>
> *Doyle.* I think there never was a time when there was a better promise. There are at least a dozen men and women who have made a deep mark, and who are still young.
>
> *Barr.* A dozen! You always were a generous man, Doyle. Who are the talented twelve, so that I may cable to Howells.
>
> *Doyle.* There are more than a dozen—Barrie, Kipling, Mrs. Olive Schreiner, Sarah Grand, Miss Harraden, Gilbert Parker, Quiller-Couch, Hall Caine, Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Crockett, Rider Haggard, Jerome, Zangwill, Clark Russell, George Moore—many of them under thirty, and few of them much over it.
>
> *Barr.* You do not approve of the theological novel?
>
> *Doyle.* Oh, yes, I do, if it is made interesting. I think the age of fiction is coming—the age when religious and social and political changes will all be effected by means of the novelist. Look, within recent years, how much has been done by such books as "Looking Backward" or "Robert Elsmere." Everybody is educated now, but comparatively few are very educated. To get an idea to penetrate to the masses of the people you must put fiction round it, like sugar round a pill. No statesman and no ecclesiastic will have the influence on public opinion which the novelist of the future will have. If he has strong convictions, he will have wonderful facilities for impressing them on others. Still, his first business will always be to interest. If he can't get his sugar right, people will refuse his pill.

[For list of Books Received see page 867]

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The Religious World

Miss Willard's Address

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union has just held what was called a "Coming of Age" Convention at Cleveland, November 16–21. Miss Frances Willard, President of the Society, delivered an address which is sure to attract attention. She says that since the formation of this National Society twenty years ago, the half-dozen State Unions have grown to nearly fifty, and the single National Union to Unions in forty-nine nations and provinces. She cites the progress of the Temperance, Woman, Purity, and Labor movements during this period, and shows that total abstinence is now thoroughly respected everywhere; the effects of the use of alcoholics and tobacco are systematically taught from the standpoint of science to the children in the public schools of all but five of the fifty States and Territories. Prohibition has gained ground in several Northern and throughout the Southern States, and in Canada. In Great Britain the prevailing sentiment is that the question of license or no license should be placed in the people's hands; and in New Zealand, Colorado, and Kansas, where women have the ballot, their influence has been strongly detrimental to the legal as well as the social position of the saloon. The wage-workers are thoroughly organized; the principle of the "living wage" has been established, and the New Testament has become the foremost text-book of the new political economy. That the self-respect of women is making itself felt is shown by the success of Lady Henry Somerset and other champions of the White Ribbon in effecting the closing of some of the prominent places of amusement in London, "the victory of women in Kentucky over the perjured Breckinridge, and of women in New York over the tiger of Tammany." The National W. C. T. U. has made a better showing in its aggregate membership and in the gifts received this year than last, which is a remarkable token of the vitality of the movement in a period of unequaled financial depression. We have not space for fuller details, but give a few extracts from the address. Miss Willard says: "I have hardly made a speech in twenty years in which this statement of my views does not occur: 'Christ shall yet reign in custom and in law, not ecclesiastically, but spiritually; not in form, but in fact; not in substance, but in essence. And the organized love of the White Ribbon Women seeks to bring that day, for we believe that only the Golden Rule can bring the Golden Age.'" "We are learning that real religion is not the acceptance of any dogma, but the recognition of Christ's life in the heart and home, in society and the State."

The Baptist Congress

The Baptists and the Episcopalians are in Congress at the same time. We present elsewhere a report of the proceedings of the Episcopal Congress, but we have received only a limited report from the Baptists in session at Detroit. The most interesting of all the discussions which we have yet seen mentioned was that on "The Interpretation of the Old Testament as Affected by Modern Scholarship." This was discussed by Professor J. F. Santey, of Louisville Theological Seminary; President Harper, of Chicago; Professor Brown, of Newton; Professor Osgood, of Rochester; and Mr. A. J. Fox, of Detroit. Professor Santey championed the conservative view. President Harper is reported as having said that no man had a right to express his opinion on this subject until he had thoroughly investigated every possible argument. "I believe that the author given as the writer of the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah was in captivity at the time, and hence I do not believe that he is the same who is credited with the writing." The report as given by the correspondent of the New York "Tribune" continues:

> The history in the time of Abraham is a family national history. Abraham carried with him the traditions of the past, and these were handed down to the generations following. History was kept through the early centuries with various degrees of accuracy, and these records were adopted to accommodate the religious laws then existing. Each writer picked from the mass of material before him the narratives that fitted to his own ideas, embellishing and arranging them into a religious story which was not always chronological. Later—how much later never can be learned—an editor combined the stories into the Bible, giving the interpretations of the stories which he considered purest and best. Israelitish history is based upon the inspirations of God, and we must accept it. The Bible will not become supreme until a rational explanation of it is given from the pulpit. Professor Charles Rufus Brown, of Newton Theological Seminary, believed that modern scholars had done much toward making the books of the Bible more easily understood. The many literary peculiarities of the Bible are accounted for by the differences in the day in which the books were written. The prophets were human, and the wisest man has never had a perfect conception of God, which explains the differences in statements made by the prophetic writers. Unless the Christian Church follows the theories and warnings given the Jewish Church it cannot hope to succeed.

One interesting remark in the discussion was that of the layman, Mr. Fox, who said that the laymen are anxious to learn the result of the investigations which the pastors withhold from them. Do pastors withhold such information? They may in some localities, but not in all, by any means.

Congregational Pilgrimage

And so the Congregationalists are to have a Pilgrimage! Probably before long we shall hear some pious protest that the tendency of Congregationalism is rapidly toward Rome. The descendants of the Pilgrims have been making rapid strides in that direction in these days. They use the Lord's Prayer in their services, read responsively from the Psalter, sometimes repeat the Creed, and now are to have a Pilgrimage! The next thing will be submission to the Pope! Nevertheless, we confess that the programme of the Pilgrimage is most attractive, as anything under the leadership of the senior editor of "The Congregationalist" is sure to be. Any journey which Dr. Dunning leads, and which has the advantage of his presence, will not fail to be entertaining. The plan is to visit the Orient and the Holy Land, sailing in February, and being absent about four months. As they read the itinerary of the proposed tour, multitudes who have heretofore looked with suspicion upon the freedom of Congregationalism will wish that they were Congregationalists, and it is even possible that some may be able sufficiently to smother their dread of a tendency toward Rome to take passage with the Pilgrims.

Bohemians in Chicago

The "Advance" gives a very interesting account of work among the Bohemians in Chicago. Ten years ago, by the suggestion of the Hon. E. W. Blatchford, there was made an investigation of that portion of the city occupied by the Bohemians. It was found that they numbered 40,000. This led in a short time to the inauguration of work among them by the City Mission Society. The first regular service was held in November, 1884, with an attendance of sixteen. Sunday-school was also started the same day, with the same number of children present. In eighteen months the congregation had increased to an average of fifty, and the Sunday-school to three hundred, and the meetings were removed to another building. In October, 1886, a Bohemian paper, the "Pravda," was started. Boys' and Girls' Unions were also formed, whose members became subsequent workers. After four years of work and growth the Bethlehem Church was built at 711 Loomis Street. It was dedicated on May 1, 1890. At this service Deacon C. F. Gates, through whose faith and courage the work had become what it then was, spoke almost his last public word. To-day there is a church membership of 110, with an average attendance Sunday mornings of 120, and Sunday evenings of 50 at the Bohemian service and over 125 at the English service. The Sunday-school averages 800 in winter and 400 in summer. There are also two societies of Christian Endeavor, senior and junior; an English Literary Society, the outgrowth of the original Boys' Union; and a Bohemian Literary Society, which exerts a profound influence in favor of temperance and morality among the young people. An Industrial School of three hundred attendance also gathers on Saturday afternoons. There has also been until this year a kindergarten supported by the generosity of Mrs. Blatchford. Bohemian services and Sunday-schools are also conducted in other localities. As a result of this work among the Bohemians, there has been a manifest change in the public sentiment of the locality. Many who at first scoffed and ridiculed the workers, their Bible, and their God now treat all with respect. The visitors now seldom meet with coarse and open blasphemy, the publication of obscene pictures is suppressed, and the subject of temperance can at least be talked about. Two important agents in producing this change

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have been the personal visitation of the people and the influence of the "Pravda." The most efficient among the workers have been raised up on the field, and young Bohemian men and women are not only doing the work there, but going out into other cities to work among their own people.

Anglican Churches and Disestablishment

The leading editorial in the "Guardian" of October 31 (which is the largest Church paper issued in Great Britain) deals with recent episcopal utterances on the subject of disestablishment and disendowment, with primary reference to the renewal of the attack on the Church in Wales. Beginning with a reference to the addresses with which the bishops in various dioceses have opened their diocesan conferences, it says that all but one have been devoted to the subject of disestablishment and disendowment. It then singles out especially the addresses of the Bishops of Chester and Wakefield. Commenting on them, as well as on the others, it declares that it is of the greatest importance that the right note should be struck at once by an authority which will command attention, and that that note has been struck by the bishops above referred to, and then proceeds to give an abstract of what has been said. The Bishop of Chester fairly recognizes the force of the arguments in favor of disestablishment and disendowment, and then opposes to them his objections. It is hard to see how any one can read the editorial in the "Guardian" without feeling that the arguments in favor of disestablishment, even as stated by the Bishop who is opposed to it, are stronger than the arguments which he adduces against it. Indeed, the whole article seems as if the editor of the "Guardian" realized that disestablishment must come in Wales, and that it is the part of wisdom to get ready for it. He acknowledges that many bishops have serious doubts as to the wisdom of the Establishment in itself, and when he comes to the question of the Church in Wales does not hesitate to say that the weak point in the defense of the four Welsh dioceses is the immense majority of Welsh parliamentary representatives on the side of disestablishment. In other words, the fact that the great majority of the Welsh people are opposed to the supremacy of the Anglican Church can be no longer evaded. Both the bishops and the editor of this Church paper make acknowledgments which they have not been in the habit of making, and which they cannot continue to make without seriously imperiling the cause which they represent, however loud and earnest may be their protestations of loyalty to the Establishment. The disestablishment of the Church in Wales is probably not far distant.

"Peter's Pence"

It is really quite interesting to know that those of us who desire to contribute to the fund known as "Peter's Pence," which goes directly to the Pope for his own special purposes, will no longer be compelled to send our gifts to Rome, but that we may forward them to the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, at Washington. This important information has been conveyed to the faithful by means of a letter from the Holy Father to the various bishops. He says that since the days of the Apostles the faithful have given a noble example which has continued through all the vicissitudes of time and events. This support is justly called "Peter's Pence." The new arrangement which it is suggested should be made is this: "The collections for this purpose which each Bishop orders in his diocese, as well as the private contributions which individual Catholics may wish to make to the Holy Father in their own names, shall henceforth be forwarded to and placed to the credit of the Apostolic Delegate residing in Washington. He afterward will remit the sums to us with itemized details." It is said that the special project for which the Pope is desirous of using this fund is the establishment of seminaries at various points in the Orient, as Athens, Smyrna, Corfu, and other places.

Women Workers

A convention of "women workers" has been recently held in the city of Glasgow. The introductory address contained the following sentiment: "We believe that wherever are the broken-hearted, the captive—be the fetters forged by man or devil—wherever the mourner, the downtrodden, the ignorant, the depraved, the helpless, the hopeless, there are we called to meet their suppliant, though it may be inarticulate, cry; there, amid the tragedy of life, its pathos, its pain, is woman's work to be found." Some idea of the scope of this convention will be gained from the subjects presented. Miss Cheetham, of Mansfield House, East London, spoke on "Woman's Settlements;" Lady Laura Ridding spoke on "Women and Domestic Service;" "The Student Life of Women" was treated by Miss Maitland, of Oxford, and Miss Kennedy, of Cambridge; the subject of "Intemperance Among Women" by Miss Richardson, of Westfield College. These are but a few of the subjects presented. One lady, Miss Flora Stephenson, asserted that women were less impulsive and less easily imposed upon than men, which statement was received with applause. One of the most valuable of the papers was that of Mrs. Angus, on "Domestic Service;" its value came largely from the fact that during much of her life she had been herself a servant. She claimed that domestic service was the freest and the best occupation for women who had to earn their own livelihood. Miss Richardson, in speaking of temperance, said that intemperance among women had passed beneath the surface, and changed from vulgar drunkenness to "the disease of alcoholism," but that the disease had never been more prevalent than at present. In a characteristically thorough and delicate way, the subject "How Women Can Raise the Standard of Morality" was treated in various papers and addresses, the prevailing thought being that the same standards should be applied to all. One thought, however, was made very clear—namely, that, judging by the contrast between the Victorian and the Georgian Courts, it is safe to say that the standards of to-day are vastly higher than those of a century ago.

The Greeks and the Episcopalians

An interesting service was held in St. Luke's Church, San Francisco, October 14, the occasion being the special visitation of Bishop Nichols. The resident Bishop of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church was invited to be present, and a throne had been erected for him in the sanctuary alongside that of Bishop Nichols. The Greek Bishop accepted the invitation, but was prevented by illness from being present. That he intended to be there, however, is evident from the courtesies which passed between himself and his brother Bishop at a later date. The sermon of Bishop Nichols was largely devoted to an account of the rise of Christianity in the East, in which he endeavored to show that the Holy Oriental Church was older than the Roman or the Anglican branches of the Catholic Church. He also showed that before California became a part of the American Republic these three forms of faith were already represented. The Bishop then traced the history of the cordial relations which had existed between the two Churches in this country, and closed with a eulogy of the illustrious record of the Greek Church, and with a reference to the Roman Church in these words: "Thoughtful men will carry away from this service another conviction, and that is, that it is as impossible for any one branch of the Catholic Church to be the only Catholic Church as for a part to be the whole." If the Bishop had been a little more consistent he might have gone further, and spoken something as follows: 'Thoughtful men will ask one another if it is possible that the only sure sign of membership in the Catholic Church is the ordination by the laying on of hands of those who are in a particular succession.' We should like to take his words and give to them a different interpretation from what he would allow. "It is as impossible for any one branch of the Catholic Church to be the only Catholic Church as for a part to be the whole." That sentiment we cordially approve, and insist that when our Master said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," he gave the only true test of what constitutes the Catholic Christian Church.

Among recent changes and proposed changes in the Congregational ministry, we note the declination by the Rev. J. S. Hill, D.D., of Salem, Mass., of a call from the church in Barre, Vt.; the installation (October 30) of the Rev. John Thorpe over the churches in East Andover and Andover Center, Vt.; the call from the First Church of Los Angeles, Cal., to the Rev. Warren F. Day, of Ottawa, Ill., and that of the Rev. Edward E. Bacon, of East Somerville, N. J., to Saybrook, Conn. (accepted).

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The Church Congress in Boston

From a Special Correspondent

The sixteenth Congress of the Episcopal Church, which held its final session in Boston Music Hall on last Friday evening, the topic being "The Appeal to Fear in Religion," was, like its predecessor held in the same town eighteen years ago, a distinct success. This organization, existing for the purpose of the fullest and freest discussion of religious topics among the clergy and laity of the Church, was then on trial; it is now an assured success. It has, in the years since then, been of great service in broadening the thought of the Church, and has demonstrated again and again its value. It provides a platform whereon men of varying opinions may meet to discuss the great questions of the times and to solve the problems which confront our common Christianity. The character of this Boston Congress has been such as to increase the belief in its usefulness and its advantage. From its introductory service in Trinity Church, where the white-robed choristers from three city choirs, joined in procession with reverend clergy and distinguished bishops, gave tone and dignity to its beginning, to the closing words of Bishop Lawrence, who, in dismissing the vast audiences, noted their marked intelligence, the ability of the speakers, and the stimulating effect the Congress has had upon the community, its sessions have been a success.

It was in keeping with the traditions of the Congress that, in his address of welcome, Bishop Lawrence should allude to its principles and its founders. The first of its principles, the worth of free discussion, has been carried out; the aim has been to broaden, not to narrow, the range of subjects, to show that there may be diversity of opinion with unity of spirit, and that it is better to make some mistakes with enthusiasm than to refrain from making them from indifference. Alluding to the two bishops, Clark and Whipple, who stood by the Congress in the beginnings, Bishop Lawrence passed on to speak of another who gave it always his unqualified support, his warmest enthusiasm. The great hall rang with applause as the speaker said: "It has been left to this generation to see one with all the enthusiasm and devotion and conviction and purity of the Puritan, with all the sweet reasonableness, the delicacy of sentiment, the culture and grace of the liberal religionist, standing in the historic church, sound and strong in his faith in the historic creeds, loyal as a Churchman—it has been left to this generation to see the type, not of the sect, but of the Church, which Phillips Brooks, preaching in Trinity Church, has given to this generation, the type of the American Churchman."

Of the topics treated by the speakers, those which are of the greatest interest to the community at large were "The Church's Duty in the Matter of Secular Activity," "The Sunday Newspaper," and "How to Relieve the Poor Without Pauperizing Them." The first occupied the time of the evening session of Tuesday. Of the speakers, the Rev. Joseph Hutcheson, of Providence, said that the most valuable contribution the Church has made to the secular world is to send out religious individuals to carry out in it her teachings. He deprecated the distinction between secular and religious activities, and begged that the Church will seek to reveal God to the world as active in the affairs, as well as in the hearts, of men. The Rev. Charles D. Canedy, of New Rochelle, presented the office of the Church, the magnificent one of developing the spiritual and social regeneration of the world. Her province is to investigate the wisdom of secular plans, to suggest modifications and changes in them, and to develop their moral power. The Rev. William Maxon held that the Church has duties with reference to the life of the body. The people's work, the people's life, the people's play, are her concern. She should supply and educate a public conscience which will secure clean tenements, clean streets, parks, and all kinds of sanitary and decent conveniences, seek to bring wage-worker and capitalist more and more into harmony, help in education, try to diffuse sound ideas of political economy and to encourage civic pride. The Hon. Rathbone Gardner, of Providence, took the same ground, suggestively adding to the long list of the activities which the Church should require of herself, societies for the protection of men from their own weaknesses—such as temperance societies, church loan associations and pawnshops, and the most important duty of all—which she has so far failed to adequately recognize—the duty of securing men in their rights, establishing justice, and enforcing the foundation of a social order based on justice. The Rev. Lewis Osborne, of Newark, held that the Church has already gone too far in introducing social activities, and the Rev. William Bayard Hale took very strong and decided ground in opposition to the majority of the speakers. He called the present effort of the churches to influence secular life directly, an infatuation, and believed that Christian people will soon see that these methods have accomplished, not the sanctification of life, but the secularization of religion, not the consecration of the world, but the desecration of the Church.

On the subject of the Sunday newspaper the speakers were fairly well agreed. There were witty things said in its favor, but the sympathies of the great audience were with Dr. Mackay Smith, who best voiced the opinion among the speakers in one of the most brilliant and well-considered papers ever given on the floor of any religious gathering in this country. Few who heard him will forget his description of the man who, sitting on the first fifteen pages of his Sunday newspaper, wraps the other twenty pages round about him and begins his herculean task. Dr. Mackay Smith advised Christian men to use the few short hours of the only day not enforcedly given to the distractions of business or the frivolities of amusement for the development of their spiritual natures. Taking his text from Emerson, the speaker defended "the Sabbath white with the religion of unknown thousands of years" against the world coming in like a flood, whose muddy waves are burdened and crested with multiplied millions of copies from the Sunday press. His accusation against the Sunday paper is that "it symbolizes, embodies, multiplies, and encourages all the influences which are crushing out the National rest-day and stunting the highest development of man." Mr. Richard H. Dana, of Cambridge, described the Sunday newspaper adversely. After a detailed analysis of twenty-one Sunday newspapers, published in ten cities, he advised Christian people to avoid the Sunday newspaper altogether.

The question of relieving the poor without pauperizing thnm was ably treated on well-known lines. Nothing new was developed, but much was said and well said as to the working of existing methods. Two laymen, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, and Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, of New York, both specialists, spoke as men of experience in the methods of Associated Charities. The Rev. George F. Nelson, of New York, spoke specially with reference to the poor of New York, where "institutionalism builds asylums and almshouses, clothes and feeds men by contract, lays them away in layers underground when the time comes, but fails to reach men as individuals, fails to make each man feel that the uplifting power in his life is something in his own nature which quickens his self-respect and teaches him to exercise his own righteous will." The value of charity, Mr. Nelson said, depends upon its adjustment to the individuality of those helped. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford depicted the struggles of workingmen in New York, said that the greatest educational influence that can be brought to bear on unskilled labor is the trades-union, and advised that skilled labor be educated to fight for the restriction of immigration. He spoke in favor of farm colonies, and for the establishment of co-operative stores.

Among the distinguished New Yorkers who won the applause of the Boston audiences were Bishop Potter—who spoke effectively on the subject of the "Proper Education for the Ministry," proving that it should be marked by the three notes of proportion, accuracy, and responsibility—the Rev. Dr. Huntington, and the Rev. Arthur Brooks. Dr. Huntington gave his address at the luncheon given by the Episcopalian Club of Massachusetts at the Hotel Brunswick. He paid tribute to the beauties of the new Public Library and the principles it represents, and, with the happy banter of the cultivated New Englander transplanted to New York, sought to emphasize the value of New England principles while carefully claiming for New Yorkers the credit of best carrying them into practice.

The question of religious orders in the Episcopal Church to-day was treated in a spirit which shows that that Church at large is in grave doubt as to their utility, usefulness, or continuance in this age of the world. The most brilliant speaker on the subject, the eloquent Bishop of Mississippi, Hugh Miller Thompson, with the applause of the audience, arraigned the whole race of professional saints from the eremites of the Egyptian deserts to the brother and sister of to-day, and thanked God that the real saint of the nineteenth century is a plain Christian gentleman like St. Paul, and that the working force of the Church is found in the normal institution of the family rather than in the exceptional monastery or orphanage.

Two of the most notable addresses of the Congress were given by Mr. F. J. E. Woodbridge, of Minneapolis, and Bishop Sessums, of Louisiana, on the subject "The Argument from Design as Affected by the Theory of Evolution." Each, it is thought, made a distinct addition to Christian thought on this subject. The gathering at the luncheon given by Bishop Lawrence at his house in Cambridge; the attendant visit to the Seminary; the visit to Christ Church, the oldest church building in Boston, crowded as it was with ancient relics, and the club lunch, were all notable incidents of the Congress. The meetings of the Christian Social Union and the Church Temperance Society were real events. Boston did her best to entertain her guests, and her best is *the* best.

W.

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The Life of Christ

XXII.—Jesus in Jerusalem [1]

By Lyman Abbott

In studying the life of Christ, and in comparing the discourses in John's Gospel with those in the Synoptic Gospels, the reader must remember that many of the discourses reported in John were delivered in Jerusalem, while those in Matthew and Mark were for the most part delivered in Galilee, to which Luke adds some which were delivered in Perea. Comparing Palestine with Europe in the seventeenth century, Galilee may be said to be the Germany, Judea the Italy, of the Holy Land. In Galilee Christ was surrounded with a simple-hearted folk who were inclined to welcome much of his message. In Jerusalem he was surrounded by the adherents of a hierarchy who were bent on his destruction. In Galilee his auditors believed in laws of righteousness, and welcomed a rabbi who taught them that to obey is better than sacrifice. In Jerusalem his auditors were people whose commercial and social as well as religious life was bound up with the Temple, and to whom the ceremonial law seemed far more important than the Ten Commandments.

His hostile critics deny his right to teach because he is not a graduate; they attempt to arrest him for teaching without authority, but his moral power overawes the officers and he is not taken; they scoff at his teaching because he is a Galilean; they endeavor to bring him into collision with the law of Moses by bringing in a woman convicted of adultery to condemn or to acquit; they interrupt him in his teaching with continual questionings, and when they find themselves unable to outwit him, they follow questioning with abuse, and abuse with proffered violence. All this is to be borne in mind in interpreting the discourses recorded in the seventh and eighth chapters of John, of which here I can give but the briefest epitome.

The law of Moses is primarily a law of righteousness. Men who are murderers at heart are not obeying that law because they are rigid ceremonialists. They think they will know the Messiah when he comes, but they neither know him, nor his origin, nor his destiny. He comes to bring to humanity the spirit of the divine life, the spirit of obedience, which is religion, and that spirit they will not receive. He who does receive it walks in the light because the light is in himself. He who has this light in himself will recognize in Jesus the Messiah, and will receive the witness which the Father has given of his Messiahship. He who has this spirit will be emancipated from bondage—bondage to sin, bondage to the letter of the law. It is to bring this emancipation about by bringing this illumination that the Son has come to the world. The true children of Abraham are those who possess Abraham's spirit. They who do the deeds of malice and hate are not children of Abraham, but children of the devil. They who possess this spirit of light and life are immortal; they cannot die. They see with vision what Abraham saw by faith—God revealing himself to humanity, for Jesus the Messiah is the consummation of that long historic revelation which began with the voice that called Abraham out of heathenism.

So these discourses, which I have treated here as one, the object of which is to teach the liberty and life of the spirit to a people who are in bondage to the letter, reach their consummation in the enigmatical but sublime declaration, a declaration which binds the Old and the New Testament together in one book of revelation, "Before Abraham was, I Am."

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 24. John vii., 1-52—viii., 12-59. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 6. John viii., 12-20.

A Busy Man

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is well known as one of the wealthiest of multi-millionaires. It may not be so well known, however, that he is a trustee of the General Theological Seminary, and is nearly always present at the meetings of the trustees. He is also on the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. He is, likewise, a trustee of the new cathedral. He is the Vice-President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is Chairman of the Railway Branch. He is a vestryman of St. Bartholomew's Church, and devotes much time and thought to the social and economic problems presented at St. Bartholomew's Parish-House. Dr. Greer, the rector, says that Mr. Vanderbilt is never too busy nor too wearied to bestow time for consultation. Added to all these duties, Mr. Vanderbilt gives his time and attention (as well as his money) to over thirty philanthropic institutions.

Correspondence

The Women's Vote in Colorado

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It was fortunate for Colorado that, if women were to vote, the privilege should have been accorded to them this year. The vote of the women helped very materially to swell the majority against Governor Waite. His principal support was in the rough mining districts, and there the proportion of women is, of course, very much smaller than in the cities. The women of the cities voted with their husbands and fathers. Naturally, the Prohibitionists have tried hard to get the "woman vote," appealing to it on religious and sentimental grounds, but they did not succeed.

In most of the counties of the State the women were not organized separately. In this [El Paso] county they went right into the regular Republican club on entirely equal terms with the men. Some of them were elected as delegates to the caucuses and to the county and State Conventions. In every precinct in the city there has been a committeewoman and a committeeman; and in most of the precincts the woman has done more work than the man. The State committee was organized on the same lines, a woman being added to the membership from every district. Every precinct committeewoman made it her business to find out the political preference of every woman in her precinct, and afterwards to see that every one of them who had announced her intention of voting the Republican ticket was properly registered. One woman in this city has spent on an average four hours a day for two months at least in this sort of work, using her carriage to bring women to the place of registration, to call on those who were doubtful, and, on election day, to bring voters to the polls. Others have done almost as much.

In Denver there were separate organizations of women, the most celebrated of which is the Capitol Hill Club. They worked just as hard as the women here—though perhaps not as harmoniously with the men; but that was the fault of the men and not of the women.

It is a notable fact that the women who have worked the hardest and been the most efficient were mainly those who had not been in favor of woman suffrage before the amendment granting it was passed. But when the suffrage was imposed upon them, they took it up as a duty, and went to work in the most practical way to do the most good they could. There are some women in the State who wish to keep up a separate organization as women, hoping thereby to effect reforms and cast the "woman vote" solidly for or against certain propositions; but the number of these is extremely limited. Most of the women have taken for granted that the men they are in the habit of consorting with in their homes are good citizens, and not more in need than other people of education in "reforms."

Thus far, then, at least from a Republican point of view, woman suffrage in this State has been a success. What will come of it in the future no one can tell. Whether the women generally really like it is impossible to say. Some of them certainly, who have devoted time and effort to the work of the campaign, rather shudder as they look forward to an endless vista of campaigns, with the necessary attendants of canvassing and registering, and attending committtee meetings, and going to conventions. One lady in this city, after coming back from the State Convention, said: "I do not think that women will ever be a thorough success in politics until they have learned to smoke." There is no doubt that the tobacco is a trying part of the ordeal, and it does not seem likely that the men will give up smoking at big conventions, although a lighted cigar is now never seen at caucuses or club meetings, and there was no smoking at the county convention here. As a rule, the women made no more mistakes in the somewhat complicated and cumbersome "Australian" ballot than the men.

The polls opened at seven o'clock in the morning, and at almost every polling-place there were a dozen women in line before that time. At one precinct in this city one of these was a lady of nearly seventy, who had walked over half a mile to get her ballot in. In three of the largest precincts in this city there was not a single spoiled ballot. W. A. P.

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A Minority Protest

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read the letters from the Colorado Springs correspondent of The Outlook on Colorado Populists. Is it not unfortunate that both the persons of whom you made inquiries are from Colorado Springs, the hotbed of hatred toward Populism and our Governor, the home of many English millionaire moneylenders, the one city of our State which is acknowledged the center of wealth aristocracy? Would it not be fair to hear directly from one Populist? A Prohibitionist myself, I heartily echoed the words of our candidate for Governor when he said, "God bless Governor Waite for his enforcement of the law regarding saloons and gambling!" The "bankers and the brewers" won in the late elections, and may God forgive our women! A. S. M.

Denver, Colo.

All Fall River Tenements Not Alike

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I avail myself of the use of your columns, as offered, to take up that portion of Mr. Hale's article in the "Forum" quoted by you, and which refers to the condition of the Richard Borden Mill tenements. This I do, not because I have any connection with that corporation, for I have none whatever, nor because that part of the article is any more inaccurate than the rest, but because Mr. Hale, in saying he took this group of houses "without selection," made

Indigestion Cured

"I suffered with indigestion. Food distressed me very much. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla after meals, and before one bottle was gone I could eat heartily without distress. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to many. I never heard of its failure to cure. Recently our station agent had the grip. After he was able to get up he had a disagreeable sensation in his head. He said it felt as large as a stove, and he was unable to perform his duties. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and

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his criticism apply to all Fall River mill tenements, and, as a mill manager, belonging to a family of mill managers, and as a citizen, I resent such statements as he makes.

The corporation of which I am manager owns ten houses, and, as Mr. Hale infers that our mill tenements are about alike in their degradation, I use these as illustrations instead of those he cites, because I have freer access to them and to the figures pertaining to them.

These ten houses contain sixty-four tenements, there being one house of twelve tenements, four houses of eight tenements, and five houses of four tenements. These houses are situated on a level flat of land containing 337 square rods, bounded and intersected by regularly accepted and worked city streets. Every house has a frontage on one of these streets, has ample space on all sides for light and air, and is connected with the city sewer.

The twenty tenements comprised in the five four-tenement houses are the largest, as they contain each one kitchen, with a sink-room attached, one sitting-room, two bedrooms on the same floor as the kitchen and sitting-room, and two large attic rooms. In all, five rooms and a sink-room.

Both the first-floor and the second-floor tenements in these houses rent for $1.30 a week.

The other tenements are smaller, each containing one kitchen with a sink-room, two bedrooms on kitchen floor, one attic room, and two large closets. These rent for $1 a week for the first floor, and 90 cents a week for second-floor tenements.

The total receipts of rent for the year ending September 29, 1894, were $3,465.05, from which should be deducted $932.18 for taxes and water-rates paid the city, and $468 for wages of a custodian, who receives $9 a week.

This custodian is employed to collect the rents, whitewash and paper the tenements, repair the plaster, etc., when broken, look after the water, clean the yards, and enforce order and cleanliness generally. He is regarded with great awe because of his strictness in this last particular, as he has broken up several attempts to establish private rum-dives, brothels, and gambling-dens among the houses, and his description of his labors in freeing sink-pipes, cellars, etc., from refuse that tenants have allowed to collect would make graphic reading.

Every block of tenements is provided with a covered receptacle in which all the occupants of the house are compelled to deposit all ashes and refuse, and this receptacle is emptied and the yard raked clean once in every week. The glass in the windows is kept in order, and any break in the water-pipes or disarrangement of the faucets with which each tenement is provided is attended to at once by the custodian. He also sees that the rule prohibiting the keeping of animals of any kind in the cellars or attics is carried out. Indeed, this man's duties are so onerous as at times to require the employment of an assistant to aid him.

The original cost of these houses was $51,000, so that the net income derived from them, after deducting the taxes, water expenses, and salary of custodian, is just 4 per cent. on the outlay—a not usurious rate, surely.

The original valuation has been reduced on the corporation books by frequent charges for depreciation, so that now they show in the assets at about $32.000, on which value they pay a little over 6 per cent. net.

These figures, which are taken from our last annual report, can be verified at any time, should they be questioned, and I think they will compare favorably with those from any private tenements, either here or in any other city of equal size, in the value given for rent paid.

In addition to the above I can cite other sets of corporation houses with which, during the past ten years, I have come in equally close contact, and I can vouch for practically the same state of affairs in them, *i.e.*, attempted enforced cleanliness, frequent repairs, ample provision for disposing of refuse and rubbish, and a moderate return to the owners.

Of course these homes are not luxurious; they sometimes, notably among the Portuguese—who are, however, inclined to be clean—are quite crowded, the men do sit on the steps and smoke, and the girls—some of them, not all—do parade the streets in the evenings. I have even known the woman of a house to come to the door and throw broadcast over the yard a panful of clam-shells and refuse, fairly deluging the custodian, who was on his way to remonstrate with her for doing this very thing.

On the other hand, the rents are very low, many of the homes are exceedingly clean and comfortable; and when there is no sickness or drunkenness there is no necessity for either crowding or filth.

We do our best to prevent both these things, and succeed fairly well; but until we can change the natures of some men and women we cannot expect perfect success.

If such management as I have endeavored to portray is inhuman or unchristian, it is because the men having it in charge have failed to understand the meaning of those words, and not because they have not tried to avoid being both. S.

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Fall River Tenements

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read your editorial in The Outlook for November 10 containing a quotation from Mr. William Bayard Hale's article in the "Forum" describing the Richard Borden tenements in Fall River. I have made a personal and careful examination of them. That there is some basis of truth in Mr. Hale's picture is to be allowed. It is too mixed up, however, with false statements, and is, withal, so overdrawn as to be a gross misrepresentation of facts, and a foul slander on worthy owners and worthy operatives. An answer to Mr. Hale's whole article will appear in due time. X.

Christianity and Fall River

From the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican"

The trouble in Fall River goes deeper than sectarianism, and needs a more radical cure than the abolition of denominational distinction. Fall River suffers, as the country suffers, from materialism, greed of gain, and the absence of patriotism and high ideals of manhood and citizenship. So far as the union of its churches would contribute to lessening these lacks and putting Christianity, the practical morality of Jesus, to the fore as a motive force in the community, so far and no farther would such union regenerate Fall River and this country.

Books Received

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Stagg, A. Alonzo, and H. L. Williams. A Treatise on American Football. $1.25.

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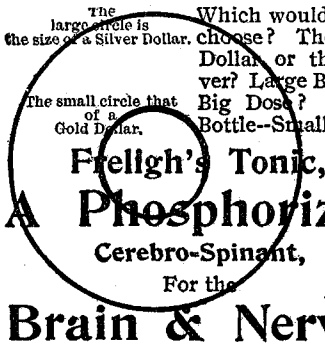

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About People

—Last September Professor Ernest Curtius, the historian and archæologist, celebrated his eightieth birthday. This month he celebrates his professorial jubilee.

—The Rev. Greenough White, who has been in charge of the Department of History at Trinity College, has entered upon his duties as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.

—A monument to General Grant is soon to be erected in the beautiful Golden Gate Park of San Francisco. The monument is to consist of a shaft surmounted by a facsimile in bronze of the bust which the same artist, Rupert Schmid, has made for the tomb in Riverside Park, New York City.

—It is related in Dean Buckland's biography, which has just come out in England, that one time he and a friend, riding toward London on a very dark night, lost their way. Buckland therefore dismounted, and, taking up a handful of earth, smelled it. "Uxbridge!" he exclaimed, his geological nose telling him the precise locality.

—About four years ago, eighteen Orleans princes and princesses took dinner together at Claridge's, London, among them being the Comte de Paris, the Duc de Chartres, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc d'Orléans. An attendant said: "You could have heard all they said as far off as St. Paul's; they are such a deaf family, you know."

—The retirement of Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi for age draws attention, not only to his almost half a century of service, but also to the striking number of retirements this year from the Admiral list, now eight in number. These have been followed by corresponding promotions, which in turn occasion advances all through the ranks. Admirals retiring have been Messrs. Belknap, Benham, Irwin, Skerrett, Fyffe, Stanton, Erben, and Gherardi. The last named is a nephew of the historian George Bancroft.

—Mr. Lees, the successful Conservative candidate at the recent important election held at Birkenhead, England, in the course of a speech read some lines which had been sent to him anonymously, and for which he thanked the author publicly, as he could not privately. The lines were as follows:

> Then sail on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
> Humanity, with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

—Mr. George Frederick Watts, who recently presented his great picture "Love and Life" to this country, has now given its companion, "Love and Death," to the French nation. It will find a welcome place in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. This makes the fourth English artist whose works have been hung alongside those which, ten years after their painters' deaths, will be removed to the Louvre, there always to immortalize their names. The other three British artists are Whistler (who ought to be still an American), Sir Frederic Leighton, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

—Since the defeat of Messrs. Holman and Bland and the death of Charles O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, the three oldest members of the House of Representatives in continuous service, the question now is: "Who is the Father of the House?" Mr. Harmer, of Pennsylvania, was elected in 1871, but lost his seat afterwards. Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, entered Congress in 1873, but the continuity of his service was broken in 1890. It would seem as if Mr. Henderson, of Illinois, or Mr. Culberson, of Texas, had the best claim to the dignity of "Father." Both were elected in 1875, and have served ever since.

—Mr. Willard Metcalf, the well-known painter and illustrator, a pupil of Lefebvre and Boulanger, says of his third employment:

> My classes at the Cooper Institute, where I have taught for the last four years, are of constant interest to me. No one who does not teach art in New York knows what an army of clever, earnest young people, men and women, come here every year to learn what they can of art. There are about three hundred girls at the Cooper Institute who will become either art teachers in the small towns whence many of them come, or who will become art producers in some field. Taking all our art schools, I suppose that New York gives instruction every year to more than a thousand art students. The privilege of helping these young people is an important one when we remember that they are to influence for good or bad the artistic views of large communities.

—Judge Holmes has sent the following letter to the committee appointed at Yale University to draft appropriate resolutions on the death of his father:

> Boston, Oct. 31.
>
> I have received the copy of the resolutions adopted by the students of Yale University and forwarded by you. May I beg you to express for me the deep feeling with which I accept them. No honor which has been done to my father's memory has touched me more. The relations of our family with your University are of old standing. My father's father was a son of Yale, and the kindness of the University has not stopped short of three generations. This mark of personal regard for my father adds my affection to my gratitude and binds me to Yale with a double bond.
>
> OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—Brigadier-General Alexander McDowell McCook, who has now been appointed Major-General, *vice* General Howard, retired, has for the past year been in command of the new Department of the Colorado, with headquarters at Denver. During the recent riots there he came in conflict with Governor Waite, in which conflict the General showed that the duty of the commander of the Federal forces was superior to any authority claimed by the State's Executive. The General's promotion will not compel him to leave Denver, as General Miles will succeed General Howard at Governor's Island. General McCook is the oldest of ten brothers in the army. They are appropriately known as the "fighting McCooks."

—One of the most picturesque characters in California is Adolph Sutro, who has just been elected Mayor of San Francisco. His snowy hair and beard, his swarthy face and gleaming black eyes, make him look like an Arab sheik. He is really a German, was born at Aachen, and came to California in the early fifties. After acquiring a fortune in trade he went to the Comstock mines in Nevada, where he planned the tunnel from which he netted five million dollars, which he promptly invested in San Francisco property. He owns the famous Cliff House and all about it, and he owns most of the ocean front of the San Francisco peninsula, as well as over two thousand acres of the suburban lands lying between the ocean and the improved districts.

—The rumors of the death of the young Empress of China recall the remarkable edict published on January 1, 1889, and reading as follows:

> The Emperor having reverently succeeded to his exalted inheritance, and increasing day by day in maturity, it is becoming that he should select a virtuous consort to assist in the administration of the palace, to control the members of his household, and to encourage the Emperor himself in upright conduct.
>
> Let, therefore, Yo-Ho-Na-La, daughter of Deputy Lieutenant-General Knei Hsiang, whom we have selected for her dignified and virtuous character, become Empress.

By a further edict of the same date:

> Let Ja-Ta-La, aged 15 years, daughter of Chang Hsii, formerly Vice-President of the Board, become secondary consort of the first rank, and let Ta-Ta-La, aged 13, also daughter of Chang Hsii, formerly President of the Board, become an imperial concubine of the second rank.

Help the Helpless

Never since its foundation has the Industrial Christian Alliance been so urgently in need of funds as now. The same commercial and financial conditions which in the past eighteen months have more than trebled the burdens of the Alliance have seriously reduced its income from many sources, and in not a few instances have cut it off entirely. Therefore the Alliance, for the first time in its history, makes a public appeal for financial aid. Checks or money may be sent to James E. Ware, Treasurer, No. 487 Fifth Avenue; or to No. 170 Bleecker Street, New York City.

The Industrial Christian Alliance, incorporated, unsectarian, and supported by voluntary contributions, was founded to do educational and rescue work among the most friendless classes of the metropolis. It conducts at No. 170 Bleecker Street a Temporary Industrial Home (with 100 beds) for fallen and friendless men; the only requisites for admission being a desire to lead a better life, and ability and willingness to work. The object of the Alliance is to permanently restore men to self-support and self-respect. Men who are able to work and who will not work are not regarded as helpable cases, and are not received. As rapidly as possible men are graduated into the ranks of regular labor.

By no means, however, are all destitute men dissipated or vicious. Many are homeless wanderers from causes entirely beyond their control, especially in seasons of such dearth of employment as has now long been experienced. These the Alliance interposes to save, before something worse befalls them.

In two years and eleven months, ending November 1st, 1894, the Alliance gave 60,216 lodgings and 189,712 meals; and more than 1,200 men have been given a temporary home, temporary employment, clothing, and a patient Christian chance to permanently repair their wrecked lives. Situations have been found for nearly half of these, many of whom are now self-supporting men.

The Business Men's Relief Committee (organized by the Alliance) last winter gave the poor of the city 1,580,000 meals. The Alliance made the various organized charities and churches its distributing agents, and was thus enabled to certainly reach the worthy poor and guard against imposture. All of the immense labors entailed by this work were performed by men who came to the Alliance from the streets, homeless and starving, and who, while helped themselves, were encouraged and enabled to succor multitudes of other unfortunates.

Among those officially connected with the work are: Mayor-elect W. L. Strong, Bowles Colgate, R. S. MacArthur, D.D., Edwin Packard, John S. Huyler, David James Burrell, D.D., E. B. Harper, Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., James M. King, D.D., and Daniel W. McWilliams.

The officers of the Alliance are: George D. Mackay, President; James E. Beemer, Vice-President; James E. Ware, Treasurer; Arthur W. Milbury, Secretary.

The Home, shops, and office are at 170 Bleecker Street, corner of Sullivan Street.

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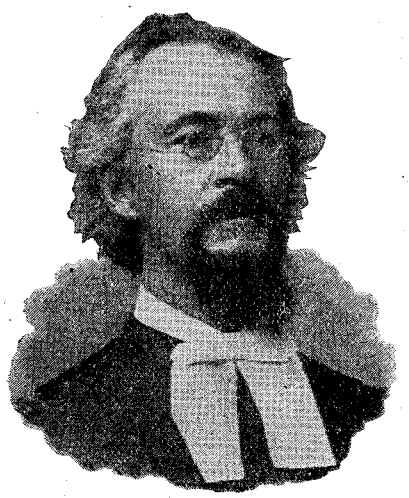
The Vitality of Mummy Wheat

The question of whether wheat taken from mummy-cases is capable of germinating is one on which there appears to be an irreconcilable difference of opinion. An interesting article on this subject was lately printed in The Outlook. Experience has shown that under English climate conditions wheat will not retain its vitality more than a few years, and, to many minds, the fact carries such conclusive conviction that any evidence advanced in favor of the vitality of mummy-case wheat is pooh-poohed as unworthy of discussion. The "Spectator," in its review of the correspondence which the argument has brought forth, cites as evidence of the view that mummy wheat has in many cases retained its vitality, the statement of Mr. Martin Sutton, the seedsman. This gentleman asserts very positively that for the last sixty years his firm has been testing samples of seeds obtained from mummy-cases, and found their germinatory qualities all right. He writes:

"It is true that the Arabs will sell so-called 'mummy wheat,' grown only the previous year, to unsuspecting tourists; but that neither proves that all mummy wheat is a fraud, nor that true mummy wheat will not grow if sown immediately it is taken out of the mummy-cases, under suitable conditions, and before the atmosphere has had time to destroy its vitality. Experiments I have carried on personally for many years past, in the preparation and packing of seeds for the tropics, make it clear to me that their vitality can be almost indefinitely prolonged by close confinement, absolute protection from the atmosphere, together with that high degree of desiccation before packing which was naturally brought about by the Egyptian climate, but which we have to imitate artificially as nearly as possible. Surely the fact that, for so many years, by such treatment the germinating power has been preserved of some of the most delicate seeds (which, under ordinary circumstances, would be valueless twelve months after harvest), is sufficient to indicate the possibilities in this direction."



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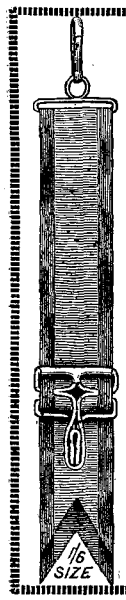

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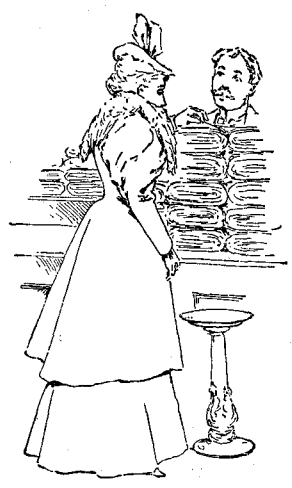

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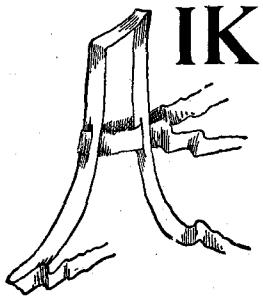

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The Star of Bethlehem

Some time ago various newspapers of Europe and America contained the startling intelligence that the star which guided the "Wise Men" would again appear. This star was connected with that celebrated one which, 318 years ago, suddenly disappeared from the constellation of Cassiopeia, and it was found that this star of 1572 had previously appeared in the years 1263 and 945, and, if counted back, must have appeared in the year of the birth of Christ. If these facts were well established, we must certainly expect the star to appear again in our days. We should then see a new body in the heavens, entirely unlike any fixed star, to be seen in full daylight, which would in a short time again disappear. Every astronomer in recent times has asked hundreds of questions on the subject. Is it true that the Star of Bethlehem will again appear? Is it periodical? Is its place in the sky appointed? The next question is, What really happened in 1572?

It was a few months after St. Bartholomew's Night, Tycho Brahe, the great observer of those days, tells us, that—"One evening, as I was watching the heavens in my accustomed manner, I saw, to my great astonishment, in the constellation of Cassiopeia, a brilliant star of unusual clearness." This was on November 11, 1572. Three days before the star had been seen by Cornelius Gemma, who spoke of it as "this new Venus." In December of the same year its luster began to wane; and in March, 1574, it had entirely disappeared, leaving no trace. As to the stars of 945 and 1264, we have no authority except that of the Bohemian astrologer, Cyprian Lowitz. No historian mentions them, and the Chinese chroniclers, who watched all appearances in the sky with great care, do not speak of them. Even granting the appearance of these stars to have been a fact, their resemblance to the Star of Bethlehem is doubtful. It is true that by counting back we come to the years 630, 315, and 0; but the star should have again appeared some time between 1880 and 1891.

With regard to the Star of Bethlehem there are five assumptions: 1. It had no existence, and the entire statement is a beautiful Oriental fairy tale. 2. The fixed star, seen by the Wise Men, was Venus, at the time of its greatest splendor. 3. It was a periodical star like that of 1572. 4. The phenomenon was occasioned by a conjunction of planets. 5. It was a comet. Of these assumptions the most probable is the second. That it was a periodical star is scarcely likely, for Ptolemy and Ma-tuan-lin would have spoken of it. The fourth statement was suggested in 1826 by the German astronomer Ideler, and repeated by Encke in 1831. In the year 3 B.C. there were conjunctions of the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn on May 29, September 3, and December 5, but on none of these days were the planets nearer together than a degree, so that the Wise Men must have been very near-sighted to take them for one star. The fifth assumption is also not to be considered, for people already knew how to distinguish a comet from other stars, and, besides, we have no knowledge of a comet at that time. For all these reasons we have not the least occasion to expect the return of the Star of Bethlehem at the close of our century. And even if such a star should appear, it would simply be the twenty-sixth such case observed in historical times, and the interest attached to it would be purely astronomical.
—*Camille Flammarion in Deutsch Revue.*

A free library is about to be established in Philadelphia through a bequest from Mr. Pepper. The result of Mr. Pratt's generosity has been to provide a fine public library for Baltimore. When will philanthropically disposed citizens of New York, Washington, and other cities provide for such splendid foundations as exist only in Boston and Chicago?

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Ascension Robes Again

We are glad to be able to print the following letter from "Father Himes," who is undoubtedly the best living authority on the question which has interested so many of our readers. We have also received several other letters from correspondents to the effect that they had heard of ascension robes, or knew of the general belief in them, but no one has, we believe, asserted that he actually laid eyes on an ascension robe, with the exception of the writer of the short letter added to that of Mr. Himes.—THE EDITORS.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been much interested in the articles lately appearing in The Outlook upon the question of ascension robes. I am glad that public interest has been again aroused upon this topic, for it is time it should be settled, and settled right; and nothing is truly settled until it is settled right.

I wish to say that I was intimately associated with William Miller for eleven years, beginning in 1839; that with him I attended hundreds of meetings, laboring with him in public and private, and was with him at his home in the State of New York on the night of the tenth day of the seventh month, when we expected the Lord to come; and, having had a perfect knowledge of everything connected with that work, I *know* the whole story of ascension robes to be a concoction of the enemies of the Adventists, begotten of religious prejudices, and that there is not a scintilla of truth in it. No wonder the writer in The Outlook of October 27 did not give his name and address. The statement that "to be prepared, dressed in their ascension robes, was the instruction given by their leaders to the rank and file of the Millerites," is almost too silly to be noticed. The writer originated, and with others signed, the call for the first Adventist conference, which was held with the church over which he was pastor in Boston, Mass., in 1840.

During those eventful days, from 1840 to 1844, and for several years after, I had charge of all their publishing work, and no man, living or dead, knew better what was taught and done by Adventists than did I. There were some excesses, such as always attend great religious upheavals, but they were not committed by the "instruction of their leaders," and the putting on of ascension robes was not one of these excesses.

When these stories first started, and while I was publishing in the interests of the Adventist cause, I kept a standing offer, in the paper of which I was editor, of a large reward for one well-authenticated case where an ascension robe was worn by those looking for the Lord's return. No such proof has ever been forthcoming. It was always rumor, and nothing more. Absolute evidence never has been furnished. It has always been one of those delightful falsehoods which many people have wanted to believe, and hence its popularity and perpetuity until this present day. I have refuted the story hundreds of times, in both the "Advent Herald" in Boston, Mass., and in the "Midnight Cry" in New York, which had a circulation of tens of thousands of copies; and no accusers ever made an attempt to defend themselves, although I held my columns open to them to do so. And now, at the age of ninety years, with a full personal experience of those times, before God, who is my Judge, and before whose tribunal I must soon appear, I declare again that the ascension-robe story is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and I am glad of the opportunity to deny it once more before I die.

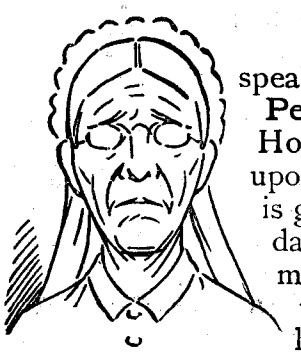
The preparation urged upon the "rank and file" of those looking for the coming of the Lord was a preparation of heart and life by a confession of Christ, a forsaking of their sins and living a godly life; and the only robes they were exhorted to put on were the robes of righteousness, obtained by faith in Jesus Christ—garments made white in the blood of the Lamb. Nothing of an outward appearance was ever thought of or mentioned.

JOSHUA V. HIMES,
Rector St. Andrew's Episcopal Church,
October 29, 1894. Elk Point, South Dakota.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I can answer for ascension robes on the Millerites in Troy, N. Y., but cannot tell the date. They were gathered in an assembly-room on the west side of Fourth Street, just below what was then Albany Street, but now Broadway. I was a child, and, with other children (I think we were coming from school), went up the steps softly and carefully, as though we were approaching a horror or something uncanny; arriving at the door we peeped in, taking one good look, and then scampered away as fast as our feet could carry us, scared at having seen the saints in their white robes. H. W. B.

Troy, N. Y.



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The Business World

Stocks, Bonds, Bank-Clearings, Coal, Cotton, Wool, and Wheat

The reasons for the disappointing decline last week of 1.22 points in the general list of stock quotations and of 1.80 in the bond list are not hard to find. Railway earnings for the first week in November were disappointing indeed; they precipitated a sharp decline, the Grangers being under bear pressure continually, and the persistent talk about the necessity for dividend reductions was seen to be abundantly well founded. The directors of both the Northwestern and the Burlington companies meet this week to act upon their dividends, and the bears have not hesitated to declare that these and other Granger interest-conditions are imperiled to such an extent as to force a reduction from going rates, and that insiders are selling. Held back for ten days, so that it might make its appearance simultaneously in London, Amsterdam, and New York, Mr. Little's expert report on the Atchison system appeared last week, and served further to depress the situation. In addition to commenting upon the company's remarkable bookkeeping, it stated what everybody had long supposed, namely, that the Atchison's auxiliary lines (the St. Louis and San Francisco, the Atlantic and Pacific, and the Colorado Midland) could not longer be kept up by the main line, which, nevertheless, in case of their loss, would be ruined. The deplorable condition of the coal trade and the revelations made concerning certain coal roads have justly unsettled prices. It is to be noted, however, that, since premiums are exacted for the daily use of stocks, it would seem as if the market were oversold. Something must be done for the coal trade. How much profit is there in tide-water price at $3.25 ruling in all markets, with the consequent price of $2 a ton at the mines? These and the low prices in the general market were more than ever emphasized by last week's cotton trade. Unless receipts abate, we shall have still more alarming quotations than the present. These receipts are already far greater even than the prodigious returns in 1891, and the crop now promises to be nearly a million bales more than the world ever used of our cotton in a year, besides which we have a million and a half bales brought over from last year. As to the wool industry, sales at the principal markets for the first of this month have been only 7,600,000 pounds as against 9,200,000 last year, and 12,200,000 the year before. From all these lugubrious statements we gladly turn to the more favorable trade conditions reported by last week's bank clearings at seventy-five cities, which amount to $1,019,000,000, a gain of 7.6 per cent. over the preceding week. Siuce January the volume of clearings had not equaled a billion dollars until last week. Another pleasant circumstance has been the advance of 2½ cents in wheat. Let it not be forgotten, however, that, in the face of a two-million-bushel increase in receipts, our exports since July 1 have been over twenty million bushels less than last year. No wonder that we have five-cent cotton and fifty-cent wheat!

The New Government Obligations

On Tuesday of last week the following circular appeared:

By virtue of the authority contained in the act of Congress entitled "An act to provide for the resumption of specie payments," approved January 14, 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury hereby gives public notice that sealed proposals will be received at the Treasury Department, office of the Secretary, until twelve o'clock, noon, on the 24th day of November, 1894, for United States 5 per cent. bonds, in either registered or coupon form, dated February 1, 1894, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the Government after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly, in coin, at the rate of 5 per centum per annum.

Bidders whose proposals are accepted will be required to pay 20 per cent. in gold coin, or gold certificates, upon the amounts of their bids, and to pay in like coin or certificates an additional twenty per cent. at the expiration of each ten days thereafter until the whole is paid; but they may, at their option, pay the entire amount of their bids when notified of acceptance, or at any time when an installment is payable. The first payment, however, of not less than 20 per cent., must be made when the bidder receives notice of the acceptance of his proposal.

The denominations of the bonds will be $50 and upward, and bidders will, in their proposals, state the denominations desired, whether registered or coupon, the price which the bidder proposes to pay, the place where it is desired that the bonds shall be delivered, and the office, whether that of the Treasurer of the United States or an Assistant Treasurer of the United States, where it will be most convenient for the bidder to deposit the amounts of his payments.

The bonds will be dated February 1, 1894, in order to make the proposed issue uniform as to date with the existing issue, but interest thereon will begin November 1, 1894, and bidders will be required to pay accrued interest at the rate of 5 per cent. on the face value of their bonds from November 1 to the date or dates of payments. The total issue of bonds, in pursuance of this notice, will not exceed the sum of $50,000,000.

The Secretary of the Treasury hereby expressly reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Having been confidently anticipated for four days, this announcement had been proportionately discounted in financial circles. The points of resemblance and difference between this call and the one inviting bids for the February bond issue will be noted in the above circular, and are commented upon by us elsewhere. As has been said, this news, like most news, had been discounted, quotations advancing, and, as a week ago on the election decision, so now there were speedy transfers by money-makers, whose only chance in these times lies in quick sales and small profits. There was little apparent market buoyancy at first, though the important tidings, coming a day or so after the bond-announcement, that, right in the present state of foreign exchange, $1,000,000 gold was being shipped to this country, caused inevitable comment by those who put two and two together. There has been much frank disappointment that the Administration has not proposed an issue of $100,000,000 instead of $50,000,000. The former sum somewhat exceeds the stock of gold coin and gold certificates now in the New York banks, which will naturally take most of the bonds. The decrease in loans of three-quarters of a million dollars, shown in the Saturday statement of these banks, has been unfavorably construed, but since some of the banks consider their holdings of Government bonds as loans, it may also mean the sale of Governments. The increase in specie, too, represents partly the payments on bullion-checks which have been presented for gold to place in the new bonds. The reserve held by the banks in excess of legal requirements is now nearly sixty-three millions. The first real influence of the bond issue was noted in the money market, as the bonds will materially reduce the funds lying idle here. There has been a gratifying, if slight, stiffening of money rates, and also a better demand, following Secretary Carlisle's circular. Commercial paper has naturally shown a decrease in demand, the competition being less on account of the withdrawal from the market of those banks and institutions intending to bid for the new bonds. It is calculated that the bonds would yield 3 per cent. on November 1 at 116.103; on November 23 at 116.012, and on November 24 at 116.008. At 117.425 the bonds would net 2⅞ per cent., and at 118.527, 2¾ per cent.

German Salt is Dutiable

The policy of retaliation is now in full swing between this country and Germany. It seems like a veritable tariff war. First we strike German sugar, then they strike American beef, then we strike German salt. Now it is their turn again. Attorney-General Olney has decided that, under our new tariff, salt imported from Germany is dutiable. The proviso reads as follows: "That if salt is imported from any country which imposes a duty upon salt exported from the United States, then there shall be levied upon such salt the rate of duty existing prior to the passage of this act." Mr. Olney says that, as Germany imposes a duty upon salt exported from the United States, the German salt is apparently subject to the above proviso. Not so, claims Baron von Saurma-Jeltsch, the German Ambassador, who declares that it is entitled to free entry into the United States under the favored-nation clause of the treaty of 1828 between ourselves and Prussia. The Attorney-General replies that this claim is untenable, and, in support, quotes Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, who held that the above-mentioned clause only "covered gratuitous favors and did not touch concessions for equivalents, expressed or implied." Mr. Olney also quotes as holding the same view Secretaries Clay, Livingston, Evarts, and Bayard, also the representatives from Germany and Great Britain in the International Sugar Conference of 1888, who held "that the export sugar bounty of one country might be counteracted by the sugar impost of another without causing any discrimination which could be deemed a violation of the terms of the most-favored-nation clause." Hence the United States may concede free salt only to that nation which concedes free salt to us. "Germany, of course," says the Attorney-General, "is entitled to that concession upon returning the same equivalent." Otherwise she is not so entitled. Even if the new tariff act should be considered to contravene the favored-nation clause, the result would be the same, for the new law is a later statute than the treaty, and, so far as it is inconsistent with it, is controlling.

Prince Hohenlohe and Russia

The Imperial Bank of Germany has reason to be well aware of Count von Caprivi's resignation and of Prince Hohenlohe's acceptance of the Chancellorship, since the latter has just repealed the order, in force for many years, which prohibits the Bank from advancing funds on Russian securities. This rule, of course, had depressed such collateral not only in the Fatherland but throughout Europe, and its rescinding is as significant commercially as it is politically.

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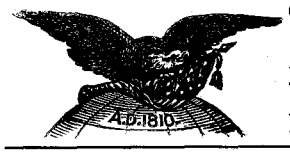

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Stories from Newcastle

At the luncheon to friends of the Missionary Society some good stories were told. Dr. Maclaren, who said he had never been an after-dinner speaker, and "it was difficult to teach an old dog new tricks," told a story of Dr. Pfleiderer that sounds apocryphal, and is not so charitable as might be expected from Dr. Maclaren. Dr. Pfleiderer, when at Edinburgh last hear, was praising the symbols of the Presbyterian Church. The first answer of the Catechism, he said, summed up the whole of his theology and his philosophy. He read it, "The chief end of man is to glorify GOD, and enjoy *himself* forever;" and he refused to admit, on the accepted version being shown him, that there was any difference between the two. Then Dr. Macdonal, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, had a story that evoked shouts of laughter. A Yorkshire vicar's wife had much trouble in inducing an old lady to go to church. The woman pleaded that she had no bonnet fit to wear. The vicar's wife removed this difficulty, but a few Sundays later the old lady was again persistently absent. The parsoness reproached her, and was told, "I went to church while the bonnet was new, but when it began to look shabby I went to the Baptists, and when it was too bad for the Baptists I went to the Methodists, and now it is too shabby to go anywhere."—*The Christian World.*

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A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT and culture desires position of companion in New York; would accept housekeeper's position for invalid lady, or charge of private house. Address, stating salary, No. **7,634**, care Outlook.

A FAMILY consisting of three ladies, having a large house, with modern improvements, delightfully located, desire a few boarders, adults or children. Best references given and required. Address Box **39**, Madison, N. J.

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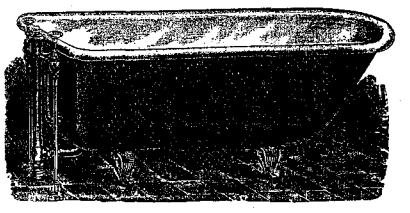

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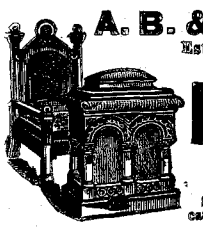

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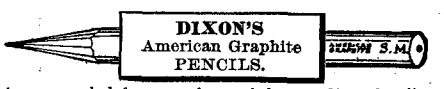

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New York.

Notes and Queries

1. Do I owe it to my church to call upon all its members, when in some instances the acquaintanceship could not be congenial for either party? 2. Supposing I give this winter, as I now hope to, a large reception; if I call upon all the church people, can I invite some and not all those I have called upon? In every church there are people who would not feel at home in what we term "society." I may respect them quite as much for their genuine worth as those whom cultivation and training has fitted to move in social life. 3. Must I invite, then, the former as well, when by so doing there would be neither pleasure nor profit for either of us? One friend tells me it is my duty to assist my pastor and my church by becoming personally acquainted with my fellow-members. This friend is noted for her tact and helpfulness in this very direction, but she never is puzzled by the question that would confront me, for she is not situated so she can entertain other than in the most quiet way; hence her choice little gatherings never come to general notice, and those she does not invite do not feel offended. There are social differences; it would be foolish to say there were not. 4. The question is, then: Can one make a distinction between church calls and social calls? I myself would hardly appreciate a call that did not combine both. 5. Would they? A.

1. No. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. Yes, if by "social" calls you mean "society" calls. 5. Probably some would. Furthermore, and in general: A church exists for special ends, moral and religious. So far as these ends depend on forming the mutual acquaintance which promotes co-operation, it should be formed. But there is also a variety of other ends which various persons in the membership are pursuing—æsthetic, musical, literary, etc. The result is that the membership is divided into groups, each in its own line keeping by itself. What a Christian spirit demands under these conditions is a catholic sympathy desirous of making as many as possible partakers of the benefits. But the same sympathy dissuades from bringing anybody in where he would either be or would make others uncomfortable.

You say that "Christ's life is the best argument in favor of his miracles." I suppose it is proven beyond doubt. He lived, was a good man, went about doing good, etc., etc., but did he claim to be the Son of God? Are records written one hundred years after his death, by a devoted follower and of a most affectionate temperament, who had spent a long life dwelling upon the memories of his "loved Master," entirely trustworthy? Of course he would be the most competent biographer, but human nature is ever the same, and we know how it is with our own loved dead; as they recede farther from us, they become more and more angelic. Our "rabbi" here says, "Christ never claimed to be the Son of God. The claim was first made long years after his death." He says, "He was a good man, a meek and humble follower of Moses." C.

If any reliance can be placed on the biographies of Christ at all, he was tried and convicted by the Jewish Sanhedrim for blasphemy because he claimed to be the Son of God, and, according to the accounts furnished, this conviction was based upon his own statements made before the court at the time of the trial.

Where, outside of the reference in Revelation to the "old Serpent" and the noted passage in the Book of Wisdom, is there any support in the Old or New Testament to the theory of the serpent who beguiled Eve being identical with the Satan of other parts of Scripture? And do the best exegetes of to-day hold to such identity? A. R. J.

John viii., 44, has been thought to be such an identification, but it depends on the bias of the reader whether it is taken as such. There is no clear exegetical ground for so doing, as scholars would now admit. But the passages you refer to show how Jesus's words would be understood by the men of his time as encouraging the identity which the rabbins affirmed.

In what way is Christ from the household of David if we believe in the immaculate conception? and why is the genealogy of Joseph given in Matthew, first chapter? E. W.

The "immaculate conception" is the doctrine of the Roman Church that the mother of Jesus was without "original sin." Probably you mean the miraculous conception, *i. e.*, the doctrine that Jesus had no human father. If it be true, as strongly contended, that Mary was herself of the house of David, being Joseph's cousin, the inconsistency you feel would be escaped. As to the genealogy, it seems to have been the writer's purpose to exhibit Jesus as the *legal* successor, through his relation to Joseph, to the kingly right of David.

What is the best book to form the basis of a very elementary series of semi-popular lectures on Evolution? The object of the course is to put a class of intelligent young people in touch with the thinking of the next twenty-five years. N. E.

Professor Drummond's "Ascent of Man." Reference to Professor Le Conte's "Evolution and its Relations to Religious Thought" will be helpful. Consult also John Fiske's "Destiny of Man."

1. What, in your opinion, is the moral influence of the "Sunday newspaper" (so called) on the community? 2. Do you think the reading of the "Sunday newspaper" gives a healthy or unhealthy preparation of the mind to those who attend religious services? 3. From your knowledge and observation, what proportion of the ministers of the Protestant Church, in your opinion, take a "Sunday newspaper" in New York and Brooklyn? 4. What is your opinion of the moral influence of the "minister of the Gospel" who goes from reading the "Sunday newspaper" to preach the "Word of God" to a congregation? H. P. G.

1. We believe the moral influence of the Sunday newspapers as they now exist in our great cities to be not good. The same may be said (generally speaking) of their intellectual and artistic influence. 2. We should say that an undiscriminating reading of the modern Sunday newspaper would give the mind an unhealthy preparation for any serious work. 3. We have no information to enable us to answer. We know of some instances in which the Sunday newspaper is read cursorily on Monday morning in order to get the news. 4. This is one of the cases, it seems to us, in which each individual must be his own judge. We certainly think that the habitual reading on Sunday morning of the modern Sunday newspaper would interfere with, rather than stimulate, noble and spiritual trains of thought, and we believe that every minister ought to be in a noble and spiritual frame of mind when he is preaching the Gospel.

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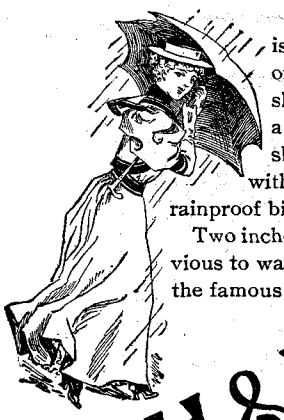

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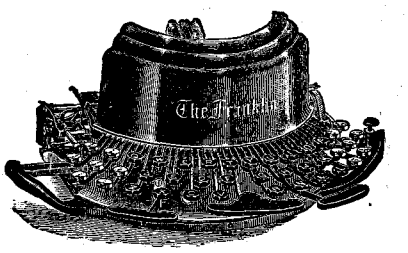

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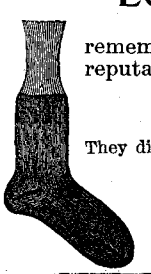

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Kyoto, Japan, Aug. 18, 1894.

England

For the past year I have been a constant reader of The Outlook. I consider it a very ably conducted paper—elevated in tone, truly catholic in its sympathies, whilst on the intellectual side it is strong, with a culture which has nothing of the "superior person" in it—that most objectionable element in certain of our own weeklies. I wish it every success on both sides of the Atlantic. W. GARRETT HORDER,
Minister of College Chapel.

Bradford, England.

Ireland

As a newspaper reader of fifty years and upwards, I have had to mourn the serious decline of British journalism of late years. Leading articles are written which do not lead thought, nor are they consulted as general guides in the formation of opinions. In marked contrast to our journalism, your articles are more evidently written by men who utter sincere thought, and who have set before them a high standard of truth and character. I may not see eye to eye with you on many points, but your writings force me to review my opinions and not to overlook the side of truth you present. Some of my clerical friends have a warm feeling towards The Outlook, and, as it is generally available after Sunday's labors, they find it refreshing and stimulating. It is very useful for its thoughts on American matters and in its remarks on British and European questions; it is well for us to know how we look to distant friends. . . . All in all, I find very useful suggestions in the pages of The Outlook, and I wish for it the greatest success. The young people like it, and only a few days ago a girl of fifteen or so said she liked it much, there were so many nice short papers which were both instructive and interesting.
CHARLES EASON.

30 Kenilworth Square, Rathgar, Dublin, July 28,'94.

Scotland

I have been a subscriber to The Christian Union and its successor, The Outlook, since their organization, and I have much pleasure in saying that I and my family look forward with great pleasure to its weekly arrival, as we all derive great enjoyment and much healthful spiritual stimulus from its perusal. We also circulate our copy among a few friends, who greatly enjoy it J. L. CUNNINGHAM.

Dundee, Scotland, July 7, 1894.

Germany

For a number of years I have taken five copies of The Christian Union and its successor, The Outlook. I subscribe for so many copies because I think the paper very valuable and am desirous of introducing it into the families of my acquaintances. I know that those to whom I send it prize the paper greatly.
J. H. W. STUCKENBERG.

Berlin, Germany, Aug. 27, 1894.

Italy

It seems a work of supererogation to commend your admirable paper, yet I am glad to assure you of my sense of its great value. Its chief merits, in my opinion, are its catholic spirit, its sound judgment (which is only another name for what has been called "inspired common sense"), and its clear exposition of important issues. May God prosper you in the work which you are doing.
C. H. BOARDMAN, M.D.

Florence, Italy, July 21, 1894.

Bavaria

I have read The Outlook (The Christian Union) for so many years that I find it difficult to do without it here. H. S. PRITCHETT.

34 Theresien Strasse, Munich, Bavaria.

Palestine

In order to keep myself informed on home affairs, I find it necessary to have a number of papers and periodicals sent to my Jerusalem address. If I had to stop taking any of them, The Outlook would be about the last one I could spare. For general religious, social, and political news it has no superior.
EDWIN S. WALLACE,
U. S. Consul.

Jerusalem, Palestine, July 28, 1894.

British Guiana

I find The Outlook very suggestive and inspiring. I admire its liberal and aggressive articles. One of the best weekly papers for missionaries.
(Rev.) J. RICE.

Mission House, Mahaica, Demerara.

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Natal

I regard The Outlook as one of the *best* of the great Christian weeklies. Through the kindness of a friend I have received its visits during two years past, and no gift could have afforded me more satisfaction. Its clear *résumé* of news, strong editorials, and bright, interesting articles give just the broad "Outlook" we need in this isolated life. A. L. STILLSON.

Umzumbe Mission Station, Natal, South Africa.

Switzerland

Je vous adresse bien volontiers quelques mots d'appréciation sur l'Outlook, car je ne connais pas de revue hebdomadaire rédigée dans un meilleur esprit. Je dois à la vérité de dire que nous ne possédons rien d'analogue dans la suisse française. En France, je ne vois que le *Christianisme pratique*, revue ne paraissant que tous les deux mois, qui parle dans le même excellent esprit de nos devoirs sociaux actuels, en tant que chrétiens.

Je vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de ma parfaite considération.
RENÉ CLAPARÈDE.

Geneva, Switzerland, 26 Juillet, 1896.

China

I have taken your paper from almost the first year of The Christian Union. I receive two other standard religious weeklies, but my family and myself greatly prefer The Outlook to the others. I have thought many times that I ought to express to the editors the hearty gratitude I have felt for the doubt-clearing, the inspiration and mental uplift, which I have received from their paper. I now thank you sincerely for the great assistance it has brought me. It is refined, independent, progressive, fair, and truly Christian. It is fully abreast of the times, fearless in utterance where many trim and withhold the truth, Christianly courteous and manly in controversy where other religious papers have often shown a bitter partisan spirit and even indulged in silly sneers. It is nearly my ideal of what such a paper should be. S. F. WOODIN.

Foochow, China, Aug. 30, 1894.

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Honolulu, H. I., Aug. 28, 1894.

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I have no hesitation in saying that I value The Outlook more than any other periodical which I receive. No foreign missionary who has access to its columns has any excuse for being ignorant of the progress of thought throughout the world.
H. K. WINGATE.

Cesarea, Turkey in Asia, Aug. 14, 1894.

India

The Outlook is my most welcome weekly visitor. I especially value it for its excellent summary of the week's news and its fresh and original discussion of questions of current interest. Such a paper does much to remove one of the greatest trials of missionary life—the necessity of being severed from the great current of modern thought. D. L. THOBURN,
Christian College.

Lucknow, India, Sept. 12, 1894.

Syria

The Outlook comes to us from week to week full of stimulating thought. Its opinions on political and social questions seem to grow out of those fundamental principles which are alike precious to the rich and the poor. The weekly sermon is always helpful, and the general news is always reliable.
DANIEL BLISS,
Syrian Protestant College.

Beirut, Syria, Aug. 27, 1894.

The Leeward Islands

I am greatly pleased with The Outlook, paper and printing, and, more than all, the sound reading therein. My wife's usual remark is: "Let me open The Outlook; I do so enjoy Dr. Lyman Abbott's writings." She makes a point of saving them. J. H. HARDING.

Redonda, Montserrat, West Indies, Aug. 7, 1894.

Holland

I take great pleasure in stating that your paper gives me weekly much valuable information concerning current events in Europe as well as in America. It may be regarded as remarkable and refreshing in that it is so perfectly in sympathy with the advanced thought of the century, and endeavors to interest secular things in the light of Christ. I shall be glad to recommend The Outlook to my friends, and give you full permission to make use of the above lines whenever you may think it necessary. VINCENT LOOSJES.

Haarlem, Holland, July, 1894.

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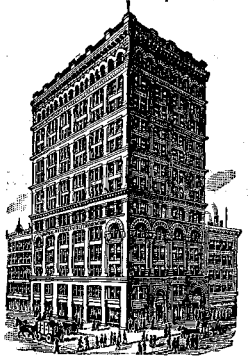

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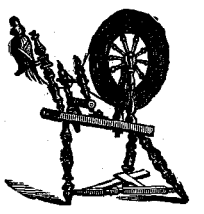

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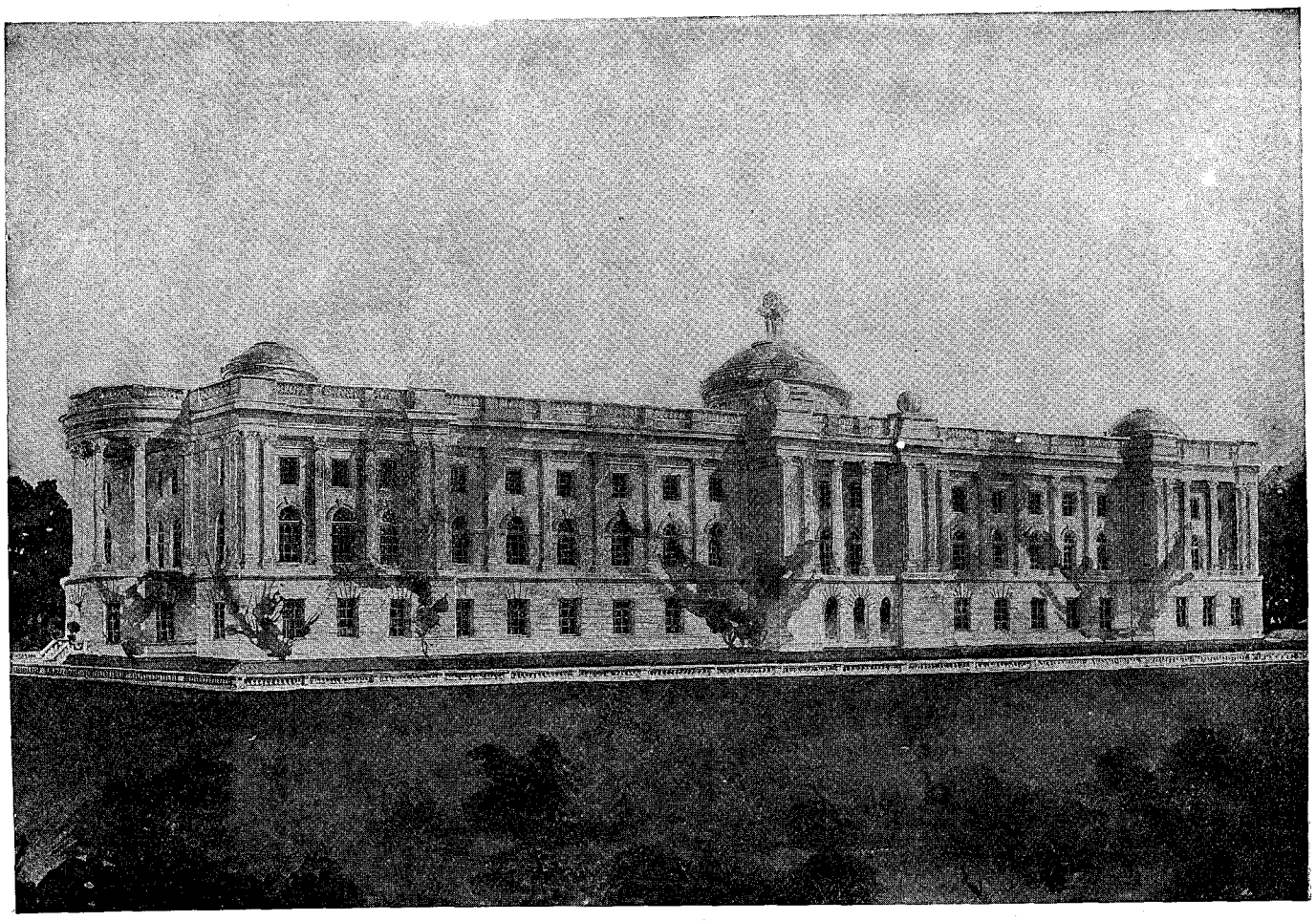

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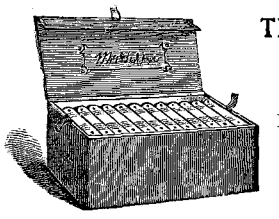

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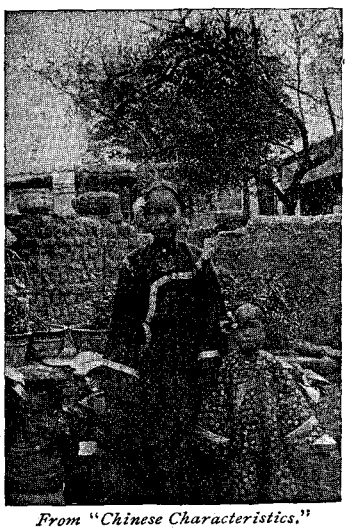

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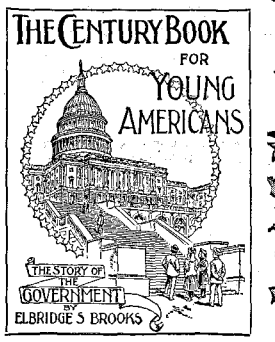

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